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See page iii. of Cover.

No. 039790

JOHN BULL

Vol. VI. No. 144 SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1909. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

...nd is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Contents

The World, The Flesh, and the Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

The Lunacy Scandal.

Reminiscences of Stirnot Homes.—II.

Cross Examinations.—IV.
George Bernard Shaw.

John Bull's Post-cards, Letters and Telegrams.

The Cartoon.

Among the Lawyers.

John Bull in the City.

Among the Mummers.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Bull's Eyes.

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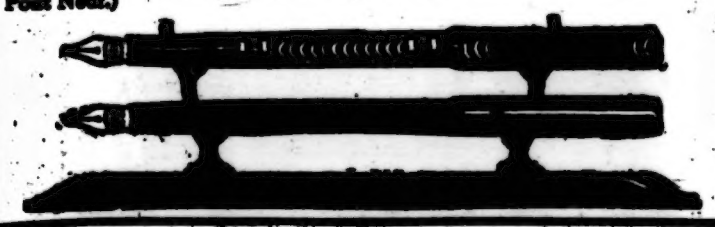

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Vol. VI. No. 144. Saturday, March 6th, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Things are coming to a pretty pass in *Rex v. Bottomley and others.* After an investigation extending over three months, and the examination of upwards of one hundred witnesses, the presiding Magistrate, Sir George Smallman, has, unfortunately, broken down in health, and is prevented from continuing the enquiry. Thereupon a new Alderman—in the person of Sir Horatio Davies—is appointed to deal with the case, and, on behalf of the Crown, Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., proposes to produce "a few samples" of the evidence in support of the charges, and then ask for a committal. Without in any way discussing the merits, one cannot resist the enquiry, whether if upwards of a hundred witnesses were necessary to enlighten the mind of Sir George Smallman, "a few samples" should suffice to satisfy Sir Horatio Davies. At the time of writing, the matter is awaiting the decision of the High Court, and we, therefore, cannot say more about it.

We are disposed, however, to think that we have suspended our Parliamentary work long enough. It has been our desire throughout these proceedings to show every respect to the House of Commons, by refraining from taking any part in its deliberations so long as any charge of fraud was hanging over us. But there is a limit to all things, and we are wondering whether we shall be infringing the time-honoured traditions of the House if we now resume our duty towards our constituents. Meanwhile, we shall lose no time in endeavouring to amend the law which throws on defendants the costs of a rehearing through the breaking down of the judicial machinery of the country.

A good story is just now being told concerning a well-known Liberal Member of Parliament, who has lately returned from a trip through Italy. Being of a somewhat gouty temperament, he is in the habit of using saccharin tablets instead of sugar. The story goes that, sitting in a Naples café a few weeks ago, he had just taken one of the well-known tablets from a bottle in his pocket and, having put it in his coffee, was raising the cup to his mouth, when the waiter violently knocked it out of his hand, exclaiming, "If you want to poison yourself, do it somewhere else."

Congratulations to Detective-Inspector Willis on his appointment as chief of the City detective force. He is such a genial and fairminded official that one almost feels it would be a pleasure to be arrested by him. He is at present rendering effective assistance to the prosecution in *Rex v. Bottomley*—and is, we hope, keeping a strict eye on the items to be charged against the Treasury.

Cap'n Tommy Bowles is a smart little man, but the hecklers of Central Glasgow "had him on toast" at one of his meetings. "Will Mr. Bowles," demanded the heckler, "pledge himself to support a measure to secure a close time for the Clyde herring fisheries?" Tommy, his blue eyes shining in innocence, promptly responded that he recognised the serious nature of the question, and would give it his earnest consideration. Then it was that the heckler got in his joke. "Hoots, mon," he replied, "there isna any herring feesheries in the Clyde." Even Tommy had to laugh. He, at any rate, no longer credits the libel that the Scot has no sense of humour. We tell a somewhat similar, but better, story in "our Book."

In opposing the White City licence, our not very learned friend, Mr. Horace Avory, naturally made the most of his brief on behalf of "the inhabitants of the neighbourhood." But the truth is that a huge undertaking of that sort, albeit that its chief object is to put money into the pockets of Mr. Kiralfy and his family, would be a public absurdity and a public inconvenience if it were conducted on bun-and-milk principles. Many hundreds of thousands of people pour into a show of the kind, and that they should be deprived of obtaining the sort of refreshment which pleases them best while inside its gates, because a few faddists and fanatics choose to call themselves "the people of the neighbourhood," is a proposition unthinkable. But this year we hope the London County Council will keep Mr. Kiralfy up to the scratch in the matter of free sanitary accommodation, just as the licensing justices are determined to keep him up to the scratch in other respects. And let us have no more bunkum from Mr. Kiralfy that he is out as a philanthropist. We have not the slightest objection to his being out for himself and all the other Kiralfys, male and female, but let him keep his protestations of philanthropy till he leads the prayers in the bosom of his family.

See announcement respecting "Bottomley's Book" on page 271 of this issue.

There are more ways of tackling a Cabinet Minister than by sitting on his doorstep, or getting thrown out of his meetings. A few days ago Miss Christabel Pankhurst paid the Post Office fee of threepence each and despatched two of her larger Suffragettes by special messenger addressed, "The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, 10, Downing Street." Of course, the Right Hon. H. H. did not accept delivery, having no use for the goods, which the butler returned to the sender. It is really all very ridiculous and ineffectual; but we shall not be surprised if the next scheme to be invented for Miss Pankhurst by the illustrated papers—who will, of course, as usual, be there with a camera—should be to dispatch Mrs. Pankhurst or Mrs. Drummond to the Prime Minister as a sack of potatoes or a case of pickling onions. The Suffragettes are a wonderful sex.

It was inevitable that the Tottenham terrorist affair should be seized upon by those Tories who have aliens on the brain, as a good pretext for dragging the question into the debate on the Address. Although Mr. Claude Hay did his best and his worst, his attack on the Home Secretary for alleged maladministration of the Alien Act was mere fuss, feathers, and fustian. Mr. Gladstone had no difficulty in showing that it would have been impossible to prevent the entrance into this country of the two Tottenham Anarchists, for they came as foreign sailors, and had since earned their own living. On the general question, he pointed out that when he came into office he found the rules and regulations drawn up by his Tory predecessor unsigned, that he signed them, and that they had since been administered by officers whom his predecessor had appointed. After this crushing retort, Mr. Claude Hay and his supporters are not only reduced to small potatoes, but to very few in the row. There was a time when we thought the Alien Question somewhat inflated, like the patriotism of the chorus boys of the music-halls and theatres. Not so now, however. Of three new songs at present receiving the vociferous welcome of London audiences, "Bravo Territorials" is by Herman Darewski, "An Englishman's Home" by Edouard Teschemacher, and "A Call to Arms" by E. de Fonblanque. Which seems to us conclusive proof that the alien is a serious menace.

Another story of the poor for the ears of the rich. John King, a Sheerness labourer, had been out of work for some weeks. Eventually he and his wife became utterly destitute. The rich sometimes help the poor, but the poor are always helping the poor; and though she knew little of them, an old lady who subsisted on leavings brought in to her by a neighbour, allowed the destitute couple to sleep in a room in her house. "On Sunday last," says the reporter, "King and his wife were sitting at the dinner-table with two baked potatoes between them. This was all the food in the house, and they had lived on carrots for three weeks." Later, King obtained one day's work. The same evening he died, according to a doctor, from heart failure, brought about by cold and lack of nourishment. "Death from natural causes," said the Coroner's jury. It may be so. It may be that cold and hunger are natural causes of death; but, speaking for ourselves, we should call them about as unnatural as any which could operate to the destruction of human creatures in a professedly civilised country.

It has long appeared to us that the division of Lords into Lords Temporal and Lords Spiritual, though valid in law, is based on a misapprehension of fact. The true division is into Lords Natural and Lords Political. A Lord Natural is a Lord because he was once a baby, a fact which holds good of all adult persons, and consequently can confer no claim to distinction upon any individual. A Lord Political is a Lord because, as a rule, he has become a very old and enfeebled man, unable longer to support the trying air and active hostilities of the House of Commons. Now, since neither the involuntary status of infancy, nor the attainment of doddering senility, can justly be regarded as a qualification for exceptional political privileges, a non-partisan journal must register the conclusion that the House of Lords is one of those useful anomalies in "our glorious Constitution" which will survive only if, and so long as, they continue to be useful.

Why are the Government buying the Duke of Bedford's Thorney Estate? It is a very remarkable estate, and its management reflects great credit upon successive Dukes of Bedford. But why should it be bought by the Government, and, if bought, why should the Government pay £750,000 for it? We happen to know the net rental of the estate over a long series of years. We have it on the authority of the present Duke ("A Great Agricultural Estate," p. 239) that the average net income of the estate between 1876-1895 was £5,450, and there is no reason to suppose that it is more now. Elsewhere (p. 50) the Duke says "the commercial instinct would have suggested the abandonment of Thorney in despair in 1880." But if the Government buy the estate for £750,000, it means—assuming the money is borrowed at 3 per cent.—an annual payment from National funds of £22,500. And this at a time when the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to threaten hen-roosts to pay his way!

We have heard a good deal lately about the Salvation Army, its Chief, and some of its lieutenants. And now we are reminded by the methods of advertisement that commend themselves to the Army that this week is to be a week of Self-Denial, and all who are interested in the Army, or who are members of it, will be expected to contribute to the extent of their power to its funds. We have nothing to say against those who believe in the Army answering the appeal in the way desired; but we have a word to say to General Booth. There is a text in Holy Writ which must be very familiar to him, and which tells us to do unto others as we wou'd be done by. We are much afraid that General Booth is in the habit of forgetting, or disregarding it.

Though we are strongly in favour of factory legislation, we think some protest should be made against the excessive zeal of some of the inspectors. We heard of a case the other day of a shaft which remained unfenced for years in an out-of-the-way part of a factory. Inspectors came and inspectors went without ever finding any fault, until at last a busybody insisted on the shaft being protected in a particular way. This was done without demur. Then another inspector, with different ideas, came upon the scene, and the manufacturer had to take down the fencing and completely box in the shaft. He does not make any very serious complaint about this, but he does express surprise that the inspector, while signing himself "Yours faithfully," sends him a printed form to sign, ending up with "Your obedient Servant." He asks us to imagine what will happen under Socialism, and suggests that we shall all have to cringe humbly, and call ourselves the obedient servants of every shunter and railway porter. We must consult Grayson on the point.

It is a pleasing privilege to be able to announce that the War Office aeroplane has flown, not very high, and not very far, as flying goes when things are all Wright, but still high enough and far enough to encourage Mr. Cody in his efforts to induce the other Powers to exercise restraint in their hilarity. It has now been proved beyond all question that our one and only aeroplane can fly. Not only so, but Mr. Cody is able to turn it half a point to starboard. In financing the experiments, perhaps Mr. Haldane will remember that one good turn deserves another.

Though Bill Sikes at his best has long been one of the greater artists, it is difficult to credit his ability to burgle a British warship. The money-chest of the cruiser, lying off Sheerness, was robbed of £2,700 in bank-notes and gold, in such a way that "the naval authorities both on land and sea are absolutely at a loss to account for it." When the roll was called after the robbery was discovered, not a single man, or a married one either, was missing; everybody and everything was in his and its place except the money. It is no part of our solemn duties to interfere with the advisers of the Navy in matters of naval construction; but may we suggest, in the light of this audacious burglary, that they should immediately take steps to thicken the armour plates of the *Indomitable?* That is to say, supposing the vessel is intended to resist the foe. Or better still, keep a policeman on duty.

A lady was suddenly jerked off the steps by the premature starting of a Shoreditch tramcar, the other day. When the car was started the conductor was on the roof; when the lady had been picked up from the road, he came down and promptly said he was sorry. Questioned in the County Court as to why he was sorry, he said he was always sorry; it was a printed instruction of the Metropolitan Electric Tramways Company that he had to be sorry. "Does the rule say," persisted counsel, "'fetch a cushion or a cab,' or 'See the lady taken to the hospital'?" "No," responded the conductor, with the air of a Mede or a Persian of ancient days, "it simply says be sorry, and therefore I was." If the rule had said he was to grin, he would have grinned, and if it had said he was to weep, he would have wept. Now, probably, the directors of the company will summon him to a board meeting and say unto him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; help yourself to another gilt button."

It seems to be a question whether the reader of plays wants to make the Lord Chamberlain ridiculous, or the Lord Chamberlain wants to make the reader of plays ridiculous. However stirring as a play "An Englishman's Home" may be, it is stupid to a degree to prohibit all skits upon it, as this precious pair of theatrical censors have done. There is nothing whatever in the potted parody which Mr. Pellisier intended to present that could offend any man, woman, child, or curate fond of harmless fun. The scene is a jerry-built villa in Hampstead. Within, an alien gentleman and his family are consuming lager beer, sausages, and other delicatessen, when a boy bursts into the room and announces that he represents 2,000 Territorials who have come to protect the happy home. The home is besieged, and after bombardment with tins of foreign table delicacies, the walls fall, and the invaders enter. The foreign gentleman then recognises in the leader his long lost uncle, who also decides to settle down in England and take out letters of naturalisation. That is the whole "plot" of what would have been a six-minutes' playlet, and yet the Lord Chamberlain refuses to license it for public performance. The edict is more absurd than that by which he prohibited the performance of the "Mikado." How long are this functionary and his "readers" to be allowed to treat the public as babies?

The promise which Mr. Gladstone made to a deputation of newspaper proprietors to bring in a Bill for the suppression of newspaper competitions by entrance fee may do something to restore the dignity of journalism. In the one instance in which we personally made an experimental test of the Limerick craze—leaving the competitors, however, as judges—we thoroughly convinced ourselves that not the slightest skill was involved, and that there would have been large opportunities for gross unfairness, or even worse. In the case in which we were summoned in connection with our weekly number scheme, there was no lottery except in the narrowest of technical senses, for we gave away sovereigns and charged nothing for them, and expected work in return. Yet these wretched coupon competitions with their entrance fees are winked at. If Mr. Gladstone's Bill is satisfactory it will place all papers on exactly the same footing, and will therefore do injustice to none. Moreover, it will leave all papers, new and old, to struggle for public favour on their merits, and their merits alone—which, of course, would be good for John Bull.

Out of opera-bouffe there has probably never been a more idiotic prosecution than that with which the City police tickled the ears of the Recorder and a jury at London Sessions a few days ago. A man named William Lazarus offered bags of sweets to the crowd around him in Petticoat Lane, saying that with every packet he would give a lucky ball, the lucky ball being made of a different kind of sweetmeat. "If," said Bill, in the course of his eloquent oration to the populace, "any of you find a silver coin inside, don't go away thinking it is a wrong 'un. Bring it to me and I will change it." A policeman passing that way marked, learned, inwardly digested, and arrested Bill for conducting a lottery within the meaning of the Act. Bill set forth the excellent defence that there was not a coin in the lucky ball. This, however, did not undermine the resources of the police, for they then practically charged him with "obtaining money by false pretences." The Recorder laughed the case out of Court, and on learned counsel asking whether any order would be made in regard to the lucky balls, the Recorder said he might have 'em. Counsel, however, explained that he really did not want them. One wonders whether he will accept a present, per J. B., of luscious lollypop?

Seeing in one of the Welsh papers this advertisement —"Lady, young, good figure, pretty, income £200, desires to marry honourable man. Address N., 98, Third Avenue, Manor Park, London," a correspondent in search of bliss wrote, stating that he was willing to consider the matter. In answer, he received a circular reply from a gentleman named Charles Newland, who said that in order to protect his clients from "unintentional correspondents," he must ask the seeker of ecstacy to send him 10s. "as a binding of good faith, and a further sum of £3 on the conclusion of our services." He added, "You will agree that, considering the service we render, our terms are extremely moderate." Of course, if the lady is genuine, sound, up to catalogue description, and willing to share her £200 per annum by marriage settlement, £3 10s. for the lot is not unreasonable. But our correspondent appears to have required the goods free.

Not often have we occasion to agree with that eminent statesman, Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P., but certainly we agree with him in regard to the attitude of the Alliance Assurance Company as cordially as we disagree with Mr. Haldane's blundering approval of it. Briefly, the company have issued a notice that men entering their employment after March 1st next will be required to join the Territorials. Mr. Haldane says that while he would not make a similar stipulation in regard to a Government department, he thoroughly approved of what the assurance company intended to do. Mr. Haldane is not a Conscriptionist, but let him consider what would happen if every firm employing labour were to make the same condition. The workpeople would either have to serve the Territorials or starve. The action of the Alliance is indirect Conscription enforced in the most objectionable way, and if Mr. Haldane contemplates it with such courageous delight, there is no reason other than that he knows the public would not stand it, why that pressure should

not be upon everybody serving in Government departments. "Join the Territorials, or out you go," would be a pretty ultimatum to workers in official arsenals and shipyards. But it would soon settle the fate of Ministers. We used to hear a great deal about the late Lord Salisbury's blazing indiscretions. But it may be doubted whether any one of them ever blazed as fiercely as this.

The Suffragettes have a bitter pill to swallow in the stupendous researches of the Baron Porcelli, who is rather foreign to us. He has made the discovery that woman's suffrage is quite unauthorised by the Scriptures, and that as for the "equality of the sexes," there "ain't no sich a thing." For instance, woman was to prophesy or pray with her head covered, whereas man should go bareheaded, woman being "the glory of man," but man being "the glory of God"; and any woman, being merely the glory of man, should have her head covered for a sign that she was subject unto man (1 Cor.). Also woman is not authorised to teach man, nor to usurp authority over him, for not only was man first formed, but man was not deceived, whereas woman was beguiled, and became a snare unto man, according to Timothy (1 Tim. ii. 12–14). The Baron quotes about a dozen other Scriptural references, but these will do for the Suffragettes to go on with. We may as well add, however, that women should show "a meek and quiet spirit"; this according to Peter. It really is a pity the Suffragettes are not more Scriptural.

We direct the attention of the directors of the London and South Western Railway to the sort of discipline which their officials at Southampton Docks impose on their clerks. Recently a clerk was suspended for two days because he took from an empty compartment a newspaper left behind by one of the passengers. For doing a similar thing, another clerk was informed that his services were no longer required, but after much prayerful appeal the notice was withdrawn, and a punishment of three days' suspension substituted. In this case the clerk was a married man, earning from 25s. to 27s. a week wages. He had a wife and four children, and if the directors have any bowels of human compassion in them, they must recognise the hardship of this clerk and his family being deprived of half their means of subsistence for so petty an offence. But perhaps the higher officials of the L. and S. W., at Southampton Docks, hold the view that taking an out-of-date newspaper from an empty railway carriage is a gross and scandalous misappropriation of the company's tangible assets.

From the letters we have received from the inhabitants of Skewen, in Glamorganshire, we gather that the recent fines of the Neath County Magistrates on the two boys of a widowed mother of eight, charged with stealing coal from a colliery "tip" in the neighbourhood, have aroused considerable indignation. To be fair to the magistrates, we give the view as taken by their chairman. "The elder boy," he said, "had been before them a few months ago, when he was discharged after receiving some good advice. It was quite clear that he was a clever boy, but, if he was allowed to go on, he would come to something bad. He would have to go to the reformatory for five years, and Walter (the other boy) would be fined 20s. and costs, which the mother would have to pay."

The cruelty of the decision of the Neath magistrates in this particular case lies more in the effect than in the intent. The mother, who, of course, well knew the lads had stolen the coal which they took home, is, as we have said, widowed, and has eight children. She was not in a position to pay the fine, and for several days the younger lad remained in gaol, though by this time, no doubt some part of the subscriptions raised in Skewen on behalf of his mother will have been used to restore him to liberty. It is recorded that the elder boy, on learning that he was to be sent to a reformatory, called to the weeping woman, "Oh, mother, what will you now do for money to buy bread?" Time and time again we have pointed out to magistrates that sentences which in themselves may not be unjust or harsh, often become cruel because they do not take into sufficient consideration their effect, so that the punishment operates in glaring disproportion to the offence. In other words, that "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart."

Queer things happen in Jersey. As in this island a man has to obtain a licence in order to sell beer, so in that island he has to get a licence before he is allowed to work a steam engine. Jersey being thickly populated, the object of the law appears to be to prevent anybody setting up an engine to work in a locality where it might become a nuisance. The duty of the Court, on any application for the erection of a steam engine, is to enquire into the conditions under which it is to be worked. But in a case of the kind the other day the Court seems not to have greatly troubled itself on this head. It was argued on the one hand that as the applicants were Roman Catholics, the engine would to all intents and purposes be a Roman Catholic engine. The question was further raised whether the owners would be English or French? Being Irish, one advocate maintained that they would be English, while the other maintained they would really be French. The fact being in doubt, two "jarats" have been appointed by the Court to make further inquiries into the nationality and religious beliefs of that engine. What will happen if they report that it was made in Jerusalem and will work as a Scottish Presbyterian, we cannot even guess.

According to a Committee presenting a report to the Convocation of Canterbury, "people should not invest their money in breweries unless the concern is such that their voices and votes would have a real effect." The Bishop of Birmingham did not explain exactly what effect he desired the votes and voices of shareholders to have. Perhaps he thinks that they should be able to carry a resolution "that this brewery shall no longer brew," or resolutely refuse to put money in or take dividends out. This council of imperfection would break the heart of many of the clergy if acted on. Their lordships should recognise that brewery dividends are in hundreds of cases a boon and a blessing to clergymen, who regard them as a sort of sustentation fund. Indeed, so many clergy prefer brewery shares that we are somewhat surprised they do not start a brewery of their own. If it be permissible for holy friars to manufacture Benedictine and Chartreuse, there seems to be no good reason why rectors, vicars, and curates should not manufacture good pale ale.

The report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws is one of the most exhaustive contributions to the solution of a great social problem within the memory of any living man. In a sense the report, if not epoch making, is epoch changing. That the Commissioners have been able to agree upon so much is not less notable than that they have disagreed upon so little. For they had to deal with a big question, and they have dealt with it as men who have probed it deeply and tracked it widely. They are unanimous that general workhouses should be abolished, that Boards of Guardians should be abolished, that there should be differential treatment of the aged, the weak, the able-bodied, and the loafer, that vagrants should be detained in colonies, and that labour exchanges should be instituted. The report expresses so exhaustively in

detail the conclusions which have been arrived at by most people who have given any thought to the waste, inefficiency, injustice, and scandals of the present Poor Law that one has to dig very deeply to find material for criticism in it. We must, however, express regret that the majority of the Commissioners still propose to disenfranchise, without distinction, all who receive relief. In this respect, at all events, the minority report pleases us better, for it proposes that relief shall no longer disqualify persons from exercising their vote. It seems to us utterly unjust that anyone should be deprived of his rights as a citizen merely because he has the misfortune to seek relief from his fellows in the days of his destitution, and from a fund to which he has himself contributed.

Probably much experience of the funny ways of The Sex has made Mr. Plowden, the Marylebone magistrate, a little cynical and a little disdainful in his humour when they take their troubles to his court. The "frail little woman" who wanted to know what she could do with, or to, a feminine neighbour who had threatened to take her life must have been somewhat puzzled by his recommendations. Thus the dialogue:—

> Mr. Plowden (dispassionately): Yes; when is she going to take it?—Applicant (in a tense whisper): She is going to do it unawares.—Mr. Plowden: I see; it is going to be a pleasant surprise. (Laughter.) How long have you known this dangerous creature?—Applicant: Only a few months.—Mr. Plowden: Why is it she has decided to take your life?—Applicant: I don't know.—Mr. Plowden: But why don't you ask her? It should be very interesting to you, you know. Go and find out her reason, and then come and tell me. It may be a very good one. (Laughter.)

That last cut was rather too cruel to be kind. It was much too much of a joke.

The verdict of £800 damages awarded in the London Sheriff's Court a few days ago to a boy who was knocked down and injured by a motor-car probably represents the record price for injured legs, whether male or female. The child was playing in the road, the car knocked him over, and there were circumstances in the conduct of the owner which probably did not dispose the jury to much sympathy with the defendant. When all is said, however, there remains the fact that the plaintiff did not lose the whole of his leg as a result of necessary hospital treatment after the accident, but only a part of it. In other words, his leg has permanently shrunk lengthwise, and he now goes about with an ill-assorted pair. The defendant does not seem to have taken the trouble to contest the evidence. As a matter of fact, it was stated that he had gone to British Columbia, and taken his motor-car with him. So that the plaintiff may get his £800—providing that he is lucky.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XVII.

The Loafer and the Poor Law Report.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For announcing in their trains, "Buy strip tickets and see what you save—6 penny tickets, 6d.,"
THE BAKERLOO RAILWAY
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For describing a wrestler as "a powerfully-built man, weighing over thirteen stone and measuring EIGHTEEN INCHES ROUND THE CHEST,"
THE EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, among the accomplishments of the late Mr. George Shine, "were swims from BLACKPOOL *to Gravesend,"*
THE EASTERN DAILY PRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, as reported by the "Daily Mail," "Christians MORE OFTEN *take their own lives than Roman Catholics,"*
DR. WALDO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following sentence, "Blake forced a little brandy from the POCKET-FLASK HE ALWAYS CARRIED BETWEEN HIS LIPS,"
THE UNION JACK LIBRARY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Kingston police have been supplied with electric LAMBS *for signalling when timing motor-cars after dark,"*
THE BRIDGWATER MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "in order to cope with a very heavy list the Court of Appeal sat on 466 days, as compared with 398 in the previous YEAR,"
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "Czar went at a gallop DOWN *the last hundred yards* UP *the slope,"*
THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the Cunard Liverpool officers state that to their knowledge the only LADY *passenger who joined the 'Campania' at Queenstown was a gentleman,"*
THE PALL MALL GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing the capture of "a fine trout 8 in. long and weighing 11½ *lb.," and saying "a boat had to be obtained before the fish could be landed. No such capture can be recalled by the oldest fisherman,"*
THE SHOOTING TIMES AND BRITISH SPORTSMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, in the forthcoming performance in London of Saint-Saens' "Samson et Dalila," "Madame Kirkby Lunn will, it is understood, take the title-part, which ought to suit her well,"
THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a witness as saying "The car had pulled up a hundred YEARS *before at the gates of Dr. Barnardo's Homes,"*
THE ILFORD RECORDER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the North Staffordshire Hounds ran a FOX TO EARTH IN A TREE, *fifteen feet above the ground,"*
THE DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Dowager EMPRESS OF CHINA *is to visit England again. It will be remembered that last Summer,* WITH HER SISTER, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, *the Empress paid a visit to Earl Spencer,"*
THE NORTHAMPTON DAILY ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

MARRIAGE—BEFORE AND AFTER.

By A Victim.

There has been written any number of articles, lauding to the skies married life. They call it domestic happiness, conjugal bliss, and the like, and tell you that it doubles your joys and halves your sorrows. But, young man, beware! Take heed! Why men can perjure themselves in that fashion, I cannot think, unless it is on the same principle which made the fox that had lost its tail advise the other foxes to have theirs cut off also. They want to feel that there are others who suffer as well as they. But I am not like that. I would save you in spite of yourselves. I have been through the mill, so I know. Before you enter double harness, you are as pleasant and as good-natured a young fellow as one could meet, and as you sit with the girl of your choice at your side you dream dreams of the golden future. That is when you have an interval between the honeyed phrases that pass between you. But if you could only see into that future, your dreams would be nightmares, such as those that would attack you if you made your supper off a pound of cheese. For in a year you will be no more that pleasant young man whom it was a pleasure to meet. You will be like a shirt that has been once to a steam laundry. There will be no good thing in you. No backbone, no gloss, nothing but a mass of holes and ragged edges.

The "Home."

When you first settle down you will spend your last copper, or maybe more, in furnishing a house in the suburbs, and you will call it "The Nook," or "The Nest," or "The Haven." I know you will. And you will expect a long life of unalloyed happiness. But you won't get it.

Your Real Character.

Up till now you have never been known to show a single sign of vice, or ill-temper, but not many weeks will pass before the partner of your choice will confide to her mother or her next-door neighbour, that "The Haven is hell when Tom's in a temper." And her mother will sympathise with her and call you all the double-dyed villains under heaven, although she knows full well that till you took her daughter to share your lot you were as meek as a lamb, and showed no more signs of temper than a worm.

The Bills.

But though your life is already a burden that you feel you would gladly lay down, there is worse to come. You will have the bills to pay. Before you married, your landlady took her thirty shillings or two guineas a week, and if, in her heart, she thought it was not enough, considering your appetite, yet she seemed glad to see it. Perhaps her last boarder did not pay at all, and she might consider that she had reason for congratulation. But now you will spend the last evening of every month swearing and cursing all and sundry, for you will be surrounded by a mob of tradesmen, who will rob and cheat you at every turn. They are like ravening wolves. It will avail you nothing to threaten to knock the butcher's nose up among his hair, or the grocer's head down between his shoulders. Far better to let their features remain in their original position and to pay up and look pleasant. I know, for once I said to my wife, that if she did not hold me, I would go to the back-door and pull the milkman through the key-hole. Well, like the stupid, silly woman she is, she did not hold me, so out I went, although by the time I got to the door I did not feel quite so angry. You see, somehow I had got it into my head that he was a small man, and he turned out to be quite a fair size. In fact, after I looked at him for a bit, he seemed to be quite big, and to be growing every second. However, we began to argue about the number of quarts of milk supplied during the last week, till, getting rather heated, I let him have one between the eyes. There is a quotation which says something to this effect, "Thrice-armed is he who gets his blow in first." That, too, is a fallacy, because I got my blow in first, and yet it was the other man who was thrice-armed. At least, so it seemed to me, for I just caught a glimpse of any number of arms, whirling round my head, in the most confusing manner, and then got a smash on each eye and one on the nose. So I at once concluded that it was the milkman who was provided with more than the regulation number of arms. Well, after I had picked myself out of the dust-bin, I went inside the house and my wife came out and settled the bill. The next time he came I had to apologise. Apologise to the man, who had not only robbed me, but assaulted me! Thus had matrimony broken my spirit.

Your Luxuries.

Drinking! I used to be able to afford a glass of Scotch, for my stomach's sake, now and again. I cannot now. I have to content myself with water, because I can get such a lot for a shilling. If there was anything cheaper to be had in the way of drink I would have it. It will be the same with you, young man, for your wife will want hats and dresses, and plenty of them. She won't ask your permission either, before making the purchases. She will get them and then tell you about it. What about your favourite brand of cigarettes then, that run out about a penny each? With a sigh you will turn your back upon them and gradually come down through all the grades—twenty for a shilling, twenty for ninepence, twenty for sixpence, twenty for fivepence, till you reach the soother and consoler of the errand-boy at six a penny.

Your Dress.

You won't even be able to dress as you formerly did. Once you took a pride in the cut of your coat, in the crease down your trousers, in the excellence of your foot-gear. Then you won't care, though your trousers grow whiskers round the bottom, or though you walk on your uppers. And after all, there will be no great need to worry, though you have no heels to your boots, for it will be counter-balanced by the fact that your wife will have heels on hers which are high enough for two.

Your Recreation.

I think I hear you say that at least you will have your out-door exercise as before, and get away from it all for a little. Your tennis, your golf, your long rambles in the country. But don't you believe it. You will find that your better half will not go out, because it tires her, and that she will not let you go out, because she does not like to be left alone. She wants you to be within call, for fear that a beggar comes to the door, or a woman selling boot-laces. So you will spend your summer evenings and afternoons in your fifty feet long back garden. Crawling about on your knees till you have corns on them.

The Servant Problem.

You will also have the domestic servant problem to face. In the byegone days you heard rumours of it, but thought it was a myth, something about as real as the elixir of life, something for the comic papers to make jokes about. In the days to come you will find it is an ever-present reality. Either you won't be able to get a servant at all, or you will get one that cannot work, cannot clean, cannot cook, cannot do anything properly. If you want a soft bed to lie on, you will require to make it yourself. Look round you as you go to the City in the morning, and see how many pairs of really well-polished boots there are among your fellow-travellers. And she will waste. The food, the coal, the gas, everything.

Handy Man.

And about your duties. The husband is called the bread-winner of the family, and that is what he is, in his working moments. But in his leisure moments—mark you, his leisure moments—he is hewer of wood and drawer of water, coal-heaver, boot-black, hall-porter, gardener, carpenter, painter, errand-boy, nursemaid, if he is one of the very unfortunate ones. His duties are multifarious. The trouble is not to find what he is, but what he isn't. And his work is not always free from danger. If a noise is heard in the house at night, who is ordered downstairs to investigate, and to run the risk of getting knocked on the head by a burglar for his pains? The husband. If a creeper gets loose from a wall, who has to climb up the dizzy height, where there is only foothold for one's teeth, and put it right? The husband. He may not be called upon to do the former of these two deeds of valour, for every suburban house is not honoured with a visit from a burglar, but he is certain to be called upon to perform the second, for every suburban house has a creeper. It it hadn't, it would come down when the wind blew, and a creeper is a much more ornamental way of holding a house together than by using iron supports, and much cheaper than using good bricks and mortar and putting reliable workmanship into it.

But why go on? Surely I have said enough to deter anyone from taking that fatal step which he will only regret once, and that will be all the remainder of his life.

REMINISCENCES OF STIRNOT HOMES.

(From the Diary of His Friend, Dr. John Whatson.)

BY WALTER MOORE.

II.—THE CASE OF THE LOST ELEPHANT.

One morning, a few days after the successful search for Rose Markham, the remains of my solitary breakfast had barely been removed when Homes entered our sitting-room, looking fatigued and depressed.

"Good morning, Whatson," said he; "I hope you enjoyed the eggs you have had for breakfast?"

"How on earth do you know I had eggs for breakfast?" I demanded, a little sick of being made the constant butt of my friend's piercing system of deduction.

"I notice a small portion of yolk adhering to your left-hand moustache," returned Homes.

Overwhelmed with this fresh evidence of my famous friend's acute, nay, positively uncanny, powers of observation, I hastened to remove the betraying particle, refraining from further comment.

"Heigh-ho!" yawned Homes, sinking into his chair; "things are decidedly dull. Unless matters improve very soon I shall think seriously of joining the hunger marchers. Couldn't you, out of friendship, contrive to polish off a few of your patients in some mysterious fashion? Morally, I see nothing against it. Instead of killing them by degrees with your noxious drugs, as is the practice of your profession, why not give half-a-dozen of them their quietus on the instant, thereby acting a more humane part, and, at the same time, affording your bored friend an opportunity for the exercise of his powers of detection, to the enlargement of his fame?"

I was about to make a fitting retort when the tinkle of the telephone bell on the landing outside drove from my mind the sarcastic rejoinder which I had prepared. The next instant Homes was at the receiver; and as the door remained ajar I was able to hear the conversation that ensued.

"Yes," said my illustrious friend, "I am Stirnot Homes—Who are you?—Who?—Did you say Slamback?—Damn who?—O! yes, of course; Jamrack,—Jamrack, the wild beast merchant.—Lost an elephant!—You don't say so?—How could you have mislaid a little thing like that?—Carelessness of one of your employees?—I see.—Have you searched the premises?—Yes?—From basement to garret?—No trace?—Ha!—And the police, have you informed them of your loss?—No?—I see; thought you would rather consult me first.—Very good.—I will come round during the afternoon, and make a search myself.—Be good enough to have the rest of the menagerie well secured.—By-bye."

Homes replaced the receiver and returned to his chair, wearing a very preoccupied expression. For a full hour he sat deep in thought, moving but twice—once to consult Winston Churchill's account of his South African journey, and again to turn over in an absent-minded fashion the leaves of that section of Benetfink's catalogue devoted to trunks.

Shortly before noon he rose abruptly and left me without a word; nor did I see him again until ten minutes, fifteen seconds to three o'clock, when he entered our sitting-room carrying in his hand a small paper bag.

"Whatson," he said; "I must reprove you for your sedentary habits. You have not yet been out to-day."

"How the deuce do you know that?" I demanded; a little nettled, to be quite candid.

"You are still in your slippers, my friend," replied Homes; "your boots lean gracefully against the fender, spotless, brilliant with unblemished Nugget. In the street without there is half-an-inch of slush. The conclusion, I imagine, is obvious. You have not been out."

As usual, my remarkable friend's process of deduction was incontrovertible. I said nothing, silenced by my wondering admiration for his infallibility.

"If your corns permit, and you feel inclined to rouse yourself and make an effort, you had better put on your boots without delay, and join me in an elephant hunt," continued Homes. "I have a taxi-cab outside waiting to carry me to Jamrack's. In this bag," he said smiling, "I have a bun."

"Have you had no time for lunch then?" I asked, hastily assuming my footwear.

"Whatson, Whatson," said Homes, looking at me gravely; "I shall have to give you up. Can you see *nothing* beyond the tip of your nose? This bun, my friend—my obtuse friend—— But, wait—let events explain."

Forced to be content with this tantalising half-explanation, I followed my renowned friend down the stairs and into the taxi; and the next moment we were onk-onking through the traffic towards Jamrack's.

Arrived at the famous wild-beast repository, we were ushered into the presence of the manager, whose pale face and dishevelled hair bespoke the anxiety that consumed him.

"Mr. Homes, I am glad to see you. I place myself and the whole establishment at your service. I feel confident, from what I have heard of your past exploits, that if anyone can find the missing elephant it is you."

"I shall certainly try," returned Homes, smiling his inscrutable smile. "But I must first ask you one or two questions. How many elephants had you in your establishment prior to the disappearance in que: 'on?"

"Six," replied the manager promptly.

"You are quite sure of that?" persisted Homes.

"Certainly."

"How comes it that you can be so positive?"

"Well, it has been my custom since I took over the management to count them every evening before shutting up the shop; and last night, to my horror, I found that there was one short."

"Were the elephants penned together?" was Homes's next question.

"Yes; in the elephant house. But there are barriers fixed to divide the animals one from the other, so that they should not fight; and as an additional precaution they were always arranged alternately head to tail."

"How were you accustomed to count them?" asked Homes.

"I made a rule of walking completely round the pen, counting all the trunks on one side, and all the tails on the other. But last night," pursued the manager, speaking with some emotion, "instead of finding three tails on one side and three trunks on the other, I found that all the elephants had turned one way, and that I was confronted with five tails. What I want to know is, Where has the sixth gone?"

I could plainly see from my medical experience that the manager was on the point of breaking down; so I whispered Homes to suspend his keen cross-examination for a moment.

My distinguished friend took the hint, and asked to be shown the elephant house. The manager led us past innumerable cages containing fierce, snarling beasts of various descriptions, and ultimately ushered us into a lofty, corrugated iron structure, in the middle of which stood a kind of large loose-box divided by beams into a number of compartments. Facing us as we entered were five waving trunks, undulating and snorting like so many fire hoses.

For a moment Homes stood silent; then, turning suddenly upon the manager and myself, he desired to be left alone with the elephants until he should call. Wonderingly, we complied with his request; but as I followed the manager through the door, I could not resist a backward glance. *Homes was drawing the bun from the bag.*

Five minutes of keen suspense followed; and we were immeasurably relieved when Homes called. He met us as we re-entered the elephant house, and, taking the manager by the arm, led him towards the elephants.

"I have recovered your lost elephant," he said. "Walk round the pen. You will find three tails on one side and three trunks on the other—making six, I believe, Whatson," winking solemnly at me.

Delighted and amazed, the manager was profuse in his questions. But my eminent friend knows how to stave off the too-curious. We left; Homes with a substantial cheque in his pocket.

"Don't you see, Whatson," he said, when we were once more ensconced in our taxi; "it was merely a question of re-arrangement." And, drawing a match-box from his pocket, he placed five matches on his knee in the manner indicated in the sketch:

"There you are, Whatson—three heads and three tails—and only five elephants. That fool of a manager had never seen the old match trick. There never were more than five elephants! And all I had to do was to turn two of them round again with the bun!"

"Bottomley's Book" will be published shortly. For some of the contents see page 271.

THE CONFEDERATE CLUB.

By Radcliffe Martin.

A crowd had gathered round the *National Review* offices. People gazed curiously at the taxi-cabs as they drove up, for each contained a masked man.

"Is it a fancy dress ball?" an elderly gentleman asked the policeman on point duty.

"I don't know, an' I don't care," replied the constable, "so long as it ain't them Suffragettes up to their tricks."

As each man entered the office a stern official demanded the pass-word.

Only when the magic word "boodle" was whispered in his ear did he grant admission.

At last the entire company had assembled. A grim, masked figure took the chair and rang the bell. "Fellow Food-Taxers, you may unmask," he said. As he spoke he set the example and revealed to the company the noble features of Leo Maxse.

"Let the Secretary read the report," continued the President.

"The traitor Bowles still continues defiantly impenitent," read the Secretary.

"The Execution Committee has taken stern measures. Twelve washed men have been engaged at an inclusive charge of eighteenpence each and their beer to shout 'Tax the Foreigner!' at his next meeting."

A murmur of approval ran through the meeting.

"The traitor Lambton not only expresses his impenitence, but has described the members of *this* Club as 'fussy noodles.'"

"Shall his political death be decreed?" cried the President.

A mighty shout of "Yes!" answered him.

"The Cecil family are still resolute in their opposition to our cause."

"Must the name of Cecil be erased from our political annals?" asked the President.

The answering roar of approval nearly brought the ceiling down.

"Any further reports?" asked the President.

Herr Ellis Barker rose to his feet. "I haf grounds to susbect that Herr Pearson himself und his barrot to the foreigner haf sold. Not only haf he the inscription 'Dariff Reform means Work for All" te put ceased, but he haf von letter of mein from three golumns to one golumn cut down."

"Let an anonymous letter of warning be sent to him," said the President. "Winterton, this work is placed in your hands."

"I shall sign it 'A Mother of Ten,'" chuckled Earl Winterton, gleefully.

Mr. Rowland Hunt stood up in his place. "Friends of the Confederate Club, or, may I not say fellow-conspirators, when Boadicea rose in her might to smite the Romans she was a whole-hogger. When Hengist and Horsa landed on Albion's white cliffs they too were whole-hoggers. All great characters in our island's history, from Guy Fawkes to our worthy President, have been whole-hoggers. Now it is with reluctance that I state that our leader, Mr. Balfour, is not sufficiently Balfourian. (Sensation.) Gentlemen, it is two years since he made his famous Birmingham declaration. That in politics is almost a life-time. How do we know where he is now? I move that it be a formal instruction to our leader that he make a solemn declaration of his belief in Tariff Reform and Food Taxes at least once a week."

"And if he declines?" asked the President, grimly.

"That he be informed that there is a member of this Club ready and willing to take his place." (Deafening cheering—after which all the members of the Club rose and bowed to one another in recognition of the compliment.)

A moment of embarrassment followed, during which all the members of the Club glared indignantly at one another.

"How shall the information be conveyed to him? Through the papers?" enquired the President.

"He never reads a blessed rag," remarked Earl Winterton.

"Then through speeches in the House?"

"He sleeps through all my speeches," said Mr. Austen Chamberlain, with a sigh.

"Shall we send him a letter?"

"His Secretary reads all the letters and has instructions to suppress all the disagreeable ones," replied Mr. Collings.

Mr. Rowland Hunt rose to his feet. "Gentlemen, when in doubt as to my political action I always put to myself this question, 'What would Boadicea have done under these circumstances?' It is my belief that in such a case Boadicea would have bribed his golf caddy to convey the warning." (Loud cheers.)

"I gather from that applause," said the President, "that the Club authorises an expenditure, not exceeding half-a-crown, on the corruption of our leader's golf caddy. Gentlemen, that concludes the business. Let us mask ourselves once more."

The mysterious maskers filed out of the *National Review* offices.

"Who are they?" cried passers-by, but none could tell.

When Herr Ellis Barker was endeavouring to give instructions to his taxi-driver a rumour spread through the crowd that the maskers were foreign spies. But all doubts were dissipated when an elderly masker, on entering his cab, waved his hat wildly and shouted, "Three acres and a Tariff."

"Ah, that'll be old Collings," commented the policeman. "Well, I don't know as I didn't like 'Three Acres and a Cow' better. You see, you can milk a cow, but Tariffs milk you."

PERSONALITIES.—VII.

There was a young fellow named Wright,
Who could fly in the air like a kite.
His machine to the ground
Always came safe and sound,
So depend on it, Wright is *all* right.

We think our readers will agree with us that the following circumstances form a peculiar coincidence. On February 4th we received from Mr. E. Hooper, of 13, West Street, Reigate, a duly authenticated claim in respect of a successful number. In accordance with our practice, we despatched to the address given a small parcel of specimen copies, the distribution of which forms part of the canvassing work under the scheme. This parcel was delivered at 12, High Street, in the same town, where there also resides a Mr. E. Hooper. The miscarriage may have been due to there being no such street as West Street in Reigate, a subsequent letter having been headed "West *Road*." The High Street gentleman was doubtless delighted to earn a guinea in the manner detailed in the letter accompanying the parcel, and in due course the amount was forwarded to him. And now comes the claim by the holder of the drawn number! We are, of course, forwarding him a cheque also.

A BABY SHOW.

By James Lucas.

A hall in the East End, not far from Aldgate Station. They are giving an entertainment for the benefit of the widows and orphans of absent-minded beggars. Therefore a baby show is in the fitness of things.

Babies are no rarity in the Eastern part of London, that accounts for a somewhat scant attendance in the roomy hall. There would have been more people if it had been a boxing match (the ring of yesterday's contest still graces the centre of the hall), but quality makes up for quantity, and those who have paid their threepences, their tanners and their bobs, are as chock full of enthusiasm as the traditional egg is full of meat.

The babies are a long time coming. They are literally blown into existence, for there's a bandmaster, a piano, and a fiddle, and no less than three cornet players. The bandmaster watches two oil lanterns, representing the footlights, with an anxious eye; the piano is out of tune, and the fiddle is as melodious as a ground glass window scrubbed by sand-paper. But the cornets, don't they go it; they would have blown down the walls of Jericho, and they even succeeded in getting the curtain divided (for we do everything in style here in E.E.—the curtain does not roll, it divides, like at the Savoy). On the platform there are twenty-four chairs, twenty-four mothers, two-dozen babies, a formidable weighing machine, with a coal-scuttle-cradle-like-sort of scale for the kiddies to be rocked and weighed in. There is also Mr. Levymoss, a pleasant gentleman, with copious black anointed locks, a tremendous 18-carat watch-chain and a fluent address of aitchless eloquence. Mr. Levymoss is owner of the hall, superintendent of the scales, umpire of the contest, and a popular favourite of the audience. Whatever he says is caught up by eager ears and vociferously ear-ear-marked. In his opening address he promises absolute fairness, a suit of clothes as a first prize, an overcoat as the second, and a feeding-bottle as a third.

Mr. Levymoss announces that there are three sorts of babies. Six months' babies, nine months' babies, and yearlings. All the little things are going to be weighed, and for every group there are to be three prizes. As a token of good faith, the suit of clothes—a serge sailor suit—is exhibited to the deafening cheers of the audience; and strangely enough there is not a soul in the place who asks what the six months' babies are to do with the naval uniform, consisting of nether garments, jacket, and a jaunty cap.

A few hallelujah strains of the orchestra emphasise the intensity of the umpirial speech. Then the weighing begins.

The mothers hail from Mile End, Limehouse, Whitechapel, Peckham, and one has come all the way from Streatham Hill. Their names are Jones, Fraser, Brown, Sharp, Tidy and Miller. There is a lot in names; Mesdames Jones and Fraser are nondescript with large feathers in their Rubens hats; Mrs. Brown is in need of soap; the ladies Baker and Sharp are rotund and portly; Mrs. Tidy is a trim artisan's wife, with peach-blossomed kiddie in a lace cap and ditto skirtlet; Mrs. Miller (the one from Streatham Hill) is buxom, and her pretty little pique frock matches well with the blonde curls and the general appearance of well-being of her appetising offspring. Some of the others are typical of the East End; the general impression is one of neglect; and glassy eyes with over-florid complexions show an undue intimacy with the teapot.

The weighing process, contrary to all expectations, pleases the little ones. They shed no tears, but they crow; they like the rocking of the scales, and when Mr. Levymoss announces a heavy weight of a particularly young child, the audience breaks out into applause. At times there is confusion. Several mothers forget the age of their babies, and bring the twelve months' old up for judgment when it is still the turn of the nine monthlings. Others, in the excitement of the moment, fail to respond to the call and allow somebody else with a similar name to take their places. Still others entertain confabulations with the umpire and his helpmate about the exact weight of the child, and when they are told that they are wrong, grumble: "Why, it ain't fair; you ought'n to weigh the kid with them clothes on." But Mr. Levymoss, the while blowing fierce clouds from his cigar, is a master pacifier, and knows how to pour oil on the troubled waters.

So the weighing proceeds apace, and the scale rocks hither and thither in methodical order, while the owners and the powers are loudly proclaiming to the audience. Somehow, however, there arises a confusion of names, and in the double contest of the heaviest in general "and the heaviest weight for its age," one of the mothers obtains two prizes, whereas her closest competitor gets none at all. The latter lady protests in pure Whitechapel English. Mr. Levymoss draws more smoke from his weed, twists his moustache in a left-handed manner, and rattles the shekels in his right-hand trouser pocket. The audience grows slightly restive and insists on re-adjustment. The band, ready for all emergencies, threatens to confound all opposition with a hale and hearty "God save the King." There is an anxious pause, like a thunderous atmosphere on a summer's day. Meanwhile, Mr. Levymoss has been anxiously scrutinising the list of mothers and babies, and, a Solomon of his kind, he says: "There has been a mistake, Mrs. Tidy's baby is, indeed, the 'eaviest in gen'rel, but as to the 'eaviest for its age—it ain't, Mrs. Brown's baby being exactly nine months old, and Mrs. Tidy's nine months and two weeks. Now I think that Mrs. Tidy ought to have one prize, and Mrs. Brown the other, what do you say?" So much wisdom baffles the audience, and for a moment the hall is as silent as a church. Then—like a gunshot—a long-drawled-out shout of "Good old Levymoss!" rolls forth, and the proprietor-umpire, drawing gleefully at his cigar, knows that there reigns peace and goodwill to all men, so he says: "Right ye are, a first prize for Mrs. Brown and a first prize for Mrs. Tidy; they are nice suits of clothes, you will find them on show yonder by the bar. Thank ye kindly, one and all." And hey, presto, the curtain falls, the band jubilates "Soldiers of the King," and one after the other the mothers descend the little ladder which divides the stage from the auditorium. Some of them carry the little ones cosily in their arms; others swing them, their faces towards the ground, up and down; here and there a baby bleats (for the hour is late), and naughty boys in the audience imitate their clamour to the dismay of the mothers.

Waiters ask for orders. At the bar there is a lively discussion as to the respective merits of the coming generation.

NURSERY RHYMES.—IV.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Holloway, sir," she said.
"What's your misfortune, my pretty maid?"
"My gender is feminine, sir," she said.
"Has nobody married you, my pretty maid?"
"They haven't been asked to, sir," she said.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS.

By Herbert Vivian.

IV.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. Vivian.—I have always refrained from advertising you, but as you have been called by my friend, I must ask you a few questions. It is only fair to tell you that I propose to discredit your evidence by proving you to be insane. Perhaps, however, you may be willing to save the time of the Court by admitting the soft impeachment at once? In that case I need ask you no further questions.

Witness.—The border line between insanity and genius is notoriously very slender.

Mr. Vivian.—I agree, and, as you can scarcely claim for yourself genius, I presume I may take your admission of insanity?

Witness.—Certainly not. I am over the border line, on the side of genius.

Mr. Vivian.—Will you kindly tell me what evidence of genius you are able to put forward?

Witness.—My whole life's work.

Mr. Vivian.—What is that? I am afraid it has not yet come to my ears.

Witness.—Perhaps you do not read the papers. The majority of them refer to me nearly every day.

Mr. Vivian.—Then you are relying upon mere notoriety? But you share that with Mrs. Nation, Miss Charlesworth, Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. Grayson, and other ephemeral persons, who are certainly not possessors of genius.

Witness.—No, no. I do not disappear or brawl or talk twaddle.

Mr. Vivian.—I will now take you through the recognised scientific symptoms of degeneracy. According to Nordau, who has summed up all the authorities, "the two psychological routes of moral insanity are, firstly, unbounded egotism, and, secondly, impulsiveness." Do you deny unbounded egotism?

Witness.—I should not give it precisely that name. But I have admitted that I am a great teacher, almost an apostle, one of the regenerators of mankind. As I said in the *Saturday Review*, half my time is spent in telling people what a clever man I am.

Mr. Vivian.—I take your answer. Do you admit impulsiveness?

Witness.—Certainly, impulses and intuitions are essential to genius.

Mr. Vivian.—Yes, and genius, according to Gurinsen, is "a disease of the nerves." I suggest that you may be described as one of those persons whom Lombroso called mattoids or graphomaniacs.

Witness.—I agree that I often feel a strong impulse to write.

Mr. Vivian.—Yes, but "mattoids"—let us say the half-witted?

Witness.—That is not only insulting but altogether witless.

Mr. Vivian.—Try to control yourself. I will put a few concrete examples. Did you say that Sidney Webb "will be of more use to England than any other man of his time"?

Witness.—I certainly think he will.

Mr. Vivian.—I did not ask you that. Confine yourself to answering my questions. Did you say that "the soldier it an anachronism of which we must get rid"?

Witness.—I did.

Mr. Vivian.—Did you say it was most unfortunate for us all that Wellington overthrew Buonaparte?

Witness.—I did.

Mr. Vivian.—Do you believe yourself to be possessed of a peculiar insight lacking in other mortals? Do you despise the vulgar herd for the dulness and narrowness of their minds?

Witness.—I think I may admit that.

Mr. Vivian.—And you do not "suspect that you are conceited about a disease and boasting of a derangement of the mind"? I am still quoting Nordau.

Witness.—Certainly not.

Mr. Vivian.—Do you devise plans for making mankind happy, which are conspicuous quite as much by their fervent philanthropy, and often pathetic sincerity, as by their absurdity and monstrous ignorance?

Witness.—I do devise plans for making mankind happy, my philanthropy is fervent, and I daresay my sincerity may appear to you to be pathetic.

Mr. Vivian.—Are you unable to endure that others should ignore you?

Witness.—It would certainly be very bad taste on their part.

Mr. Vivian.—May I take it that, as in the case of delirious and half-crazy persons, "no contradiction, no ridicule, no contempt affects you, the opinion of the majority is a matter of indifference to you"?

Witness.—I admit that I have so much in common with the delirious and crazy. But that proves nothing. I also possess two hands and two feet in common with them.

Mr. Vivian.—Kindly refrain from arguing. You may safely leave the jury to draw their own conclusion. Now listen to this account of the weak-minded: "Mere similarity of sound determines the current of his thought. He hears a word and feels compelled to repeat it, once or oftener, sometimes to the extent of Echolalia." May I put you down as suffering from Echolalia?

Witness.—No, but I admit that the sound of words has an effect upon my mind, as it has upon the minds of all poets and lovers of poetry.

Mr. Vivian.—One moment. I believe you are very proud of having devised the adjective "Shavian" from your name?

Witness.—I don't know about proud. I have so many things to be proud of. But it was a pretty conceit.

Mr. Vivian.—Now let me draw your attention to your preface to an absurd and tedious jumble entitled "John Bull's Other Island." After a long rigmarole, you suddenly lashed yourself into a fury about what you called "The Denshawai Horror." Do you happen to remember that you alluded to the people of Denshawai as Denshavians?

Witness.—Yes, what of that?

Mr. Vivian.—I suggest that you only wrote about Denshawai because the name happened to appeal to your disordered brain. In other words, you were suffering from a bad attack of Echolalia. Moreover, you have supplied many instances of the derivative diseases of Echolalia, for instance, "those junctions of words which by their sense have little or no relation to each other, and are, as a rule, an evidence of imbecility, though they may be sensational and mirth-provoking." You may remember Sollier's example how an imbecile said to his friend, "You look like a piece of barley-sugar put out to nurse"?

Witness.—My original expressions always contain some great truth, which would receive less emphasis from commonplace language.

Mr. Vivian.—I draw your attention to your remark about "The Red Flag." The composer of "that ignoble air," you said, "can republish it as 'The Funeral March of a Fried Eel' if he likes." In what way is this less idiotic than the phrase about the barley-sugar?

Witness.—I certainly prefer mine. But the other is not bad. However, I admit that I only rely upon my quips to draw attention to my masterpieces. As I told an interviewer the other day, "a baby could act and an idiot write the funny part of the business."

Mr. Vivian.—You admit that your humour is usually idiotic?

Witness.—You must not take me too literally. You must remember that I defined a masterpiece as "usually some quite useless contraption." Besides, I attach no special importance to success with plays, even though mine are probably far superior to Shakespeare's. I have far more important fish to fry.

Mr. Vivian.—Your plays then are merely the relaxations of a serious politician?

Witness.—Spare me the word politician. Statesman, philanthropist, apostle, missionary, regenerator, Messiah, if you like, but not politician. That is too suggestive of a District Council or a Water Board or the House of Commons.

Mr. Vivian.—Then I may sum you up as an amateur redresser of wrongs, a modern Don Quixote?

Witness.—You may not sum me up at all. If there is to be any summing up, I prefer to do it myself.

Mr. Vivian.—Thank you. I think you have summed yourself up very well in answer to my questions. You may stand down.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

LONG TRIALS.

In the course of his summing-up in the Stoddart-Catling case, the Recorder made the following observations upon the great length of the trial—twenty-three days:—

> It appeared to him (the Recorder), and he had had occasion to make this observation before, that if the very able and distinguished counsel who represented the Director of Public Prosecutions and the City Solicitor, the Director of Public Prosecutions for the area over which the City Corporation had jurisdiction, would devote their talents in endeavouring to ascertain in how short a space they could compress a case, instead of, as it very often seemed, in seeing how long it could be made, they would be doing a very great service, because it was undeniable that these very long cases imposed an almost intolerable burden. He often thought that learned counsel, accustomed as they were to dealing with complicated cases and unravelling complicated problems, forgot that the jury who were trying a case, or many of them, were men connected with commerce in some form or other, and quite unaccustomed to such complexities; and the result of a trial which occupied ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five days, might be that in despair they might say, "We cannot understand this case at all." There was always a danger of a miscarriage of justice.

All who are acquainted with the procedure of the Courts will endorse the Recorder's remarks. The object of prosecuting counsel nowadays—especially if they are instructed by the Treasury—seems to be to spin out cases by dealing in unnecessary detail with subsidiary matters that might be, and used to be, disregarded without in any way prejudicing justice. This very modern procedure inflicts gross injustice upon the accused, and makes it impossible for any but wealthy men to adequately defend themselves.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Political Pensions.—J. F. T. (Finsbury Park).—It is provided by the Civil Offices (Pensions) Act, 1869, that political pensions may be paid to ex-ministers as follows:—Class I., £2,000; Class II., £1,200; and Class III., £800. The length of service is not less than four years for the first class, six years for the second, and ten years for the third.

Defalcations.—T. F. (Merthyr).—If the man cannot pay, it is not much use pressing him, but perhaps a threat of prosecution would bring the money. He has clearly committed larceny.

Reversion.—Doubtful (London).—We are afraid the *nom de plume* you have selected correctly describes the prospects of obtaining an advance.

Competition Scheme.—Quibble.—As the decision of the winners of the two prizes is to be made by lot, that is a chance system, and not one of skill, and, in our opinion, it clearly comes within the Lottery Acts, and is illegal.

Gambling.—R. G. (Berkeley Square).—Gambling is illegal on a racecourse. We are happy to reply to questions on actual happenings, but we have no space to go into every quibble that is raised in a public-house tap-room.

Jewellery.—S. W. (Camberwell).—As you did not return the article, you must pay for it.

Loan.—Friend in Need.—You should get the borrower to sign a promissory note for the sum lent payable on demand. You can get stamped paper on which to write out the note at any Post Office. The stamp required is 1d. The form of the note should be: "I promise to pay on demand the sum of," etc.

Ownership of Land.—Rustic.—The person who has purchased the land has no title to it as against the real owner, and he will have to give it up.

Income Tax.—D. (Briton Ferry).—As the estate brings in less than £160 a year, you are entitled to exemption from income tax. As you have paid it, you should apply to the Inland Revenue Commissioners for refund of the tax for three years.

Distress for Rent.—C. J. A. (Wallington).—You have lost your right of distraint.

Sale of Goods.—H. B. (Wickwar).—Unless the order was given in such terms as to make it expire unless accepted by the firm within a limited time, it would remain good. It seems to us that your order was not conditional on acceptance by a fixed date, and, if so, you can be compelled to take the goods.

Assignment.—Settlement (Birmingham).—You can execute a deed of gift to your wife in consideration of natural love and affection. Any solicitor would do it for a small fee.

Railway Fares.—Viator (St. James's).—If you ride in a carriage of the first-class and refuse to pay the excess over a third-class ticket, you can be turned out by force unless you have a reasonable excuse, such as that the thirds are all full. As the law stands, the company could, however, recover the difference, though they rarely attempt to do this when it can be shown that there was no room in the proper class.

Execution for Judgment Debt.—F. G. (Charlton).—We do not see how we can help you in the matter. The judge is well known as a very just man.

Goods.—J. B. (Small Heath).—As the firm will not execute the order, you should summon them for the return of the deposit and damages for breach of contract. If they allege an attempted fraud, and you can prove it, you should threaten them with an action for damages for slander.

Complaint against Nurse.—J. W. M. (Kingsland).—Write to the Secretary of the Local Government Board, Whitehall, and make your complaint, setting out the facts very fully. Take care not to make any false statements or exaggerations.

Patents.—S. L. (East Sheen).—If the material is described and sold as capable of effecting cures, etc., it must bear a Patent Medicine Stamp. You can obtain full particulars as to this from the Inland Revenue Commissioners, Somerset House.

Income Tax.—F. D. (East Ham).—The tax is payable on January 1st, and can be distrained for on or after that day. Any delay is an act of grace on the part of the Collector.

Deeds of Property.—Jack (Bristol).—We see no remedy short of legal proceedings against the man. If you employ a solicitor, you could compel him to deliver up all papers and monies in his possession, and your best course is to do this ere it is too late.

Maintenance of Mother.—Phillip (Devon).—The son is liable for the mother's maintenance, and so are her children by the second husband. An illegitimate child is not liable.

Rights of Manager.—J. B. W. (Glasgow).—The manager seems to us to be liable for the stock and for the acts of those under him. He is entitled to a reference if dismissed.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XXXV.

The following letter speaks for itself. Can any of our readers offer the writer the helping hand he asks? We should have much pleasure in putting them in touch with him:—

> I have been a reader of John Bull for some considerable time, and having noticed at all times that you endeavour to help those of your readers who are in trouble or down on their luck, I am prompted to write to you in the hope that you will be able to help me.
>
> I am not one of those individuals who are constantly looking on the black side of things, neither do I wish to pose as a poverty-stricken person. I simply wish to lay before you the following facts relative to myself, and hope that, in the event of your not being able to help me, you will at least give me a little advice.
>
> I am an ex-cavalryman, and a clerk by profession. When the Boer War broke out in October, 1899, I enlisted in the 10th Royal Hussars, and after the usual recruit training was sent out to South Africa. I remained in that country until September, 1902, when my regiment was ordered to India.
>
> We arrived there in October, 1902, and I remained there until my time expired in November, 1907, arriving in England on December 6th, 1907.
>
> During the whole of my service career I was employed on the clerical staffs of the various heads of departments. During the war I was attached to the Head Quarter Staff of General Sir J. French, as telegraphist and visual signaller.
>
> On the appointment of his C.S.O., Colonel (now, I believe, Major-General) D. Haig, to the command of the mobile columns in Cape Colony, I was transferred to the signalling staff of the latter officer, and remained there until the conclusion of operations, when I rejoined my unit.
>
> On arrival in India I was employed in the Pay Office and Orderly Room of the regiment, and shortly afterwards was sent to the Pay Examiner's Office of the Western Command, at Poona, to undergo a course of instruction in pay sergeant's duties, audit work, &c.
>
> I duly qualified for the post in 1903. Shortly after I applied for, and obtained, an officiating Unattached List appointment in the Q.M.G.'s department of the Northern Command Office (Head Quarters).
>
> I retained that post until the abolition of the Northern Command under Lord Kitchener's reorganisation scheme, in June, 1907. I was then given a vacancy in the newly-formed Rawalpindi Brigade Office, which I left on returning to England in November, 1907.
>
> The character given to me on leaving the service was an exemplary one, and in addition to this, I may say in passing, that I am thoroughly acquainted with all kinds of office routine, correspondence, keeping of accounts, &c., &c.; I am also considered a fairly good typist.
>
> Now, sir, to the point. Since my return to England I have been unable to get any employment. I have answered an endless number of advertisements for situations of all kinds, always enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. All to no avail. I seldom get a reply, and if I *am* lucky enough to do so, they are all couched in the same terms—"Much regret," &c., &c.
>
> It really seems as if an ex-service man is not required by employers in this country. The word "Army" seems to be a bar to a man getting employment in any capacity.
>
> It is almost disheartening, and I am really beginning to give up all hope of ever getting any employment in England.
>
> Here am I, sir, young, in the prime of life, physically fit, absolutely wasting away the best of my years, and dependent on my parents for everything I eat and drink. I am the eldest of a family of six children, two of whom only are in employment, both being apprentices. You can imagine then, sir, that the money which comes into this house is not very much. My father earns only 30s. per week, and, being a yachtsman, he never knows when he might be thrown out of employment.
>
> Personally, I can, and am quite willing to work hard, yet I am apparently handicapped simply because I happen to have been a soldier. I do not regret having served my Queen, King and country (in fact, I am quite proud of it), yet I might be forgiven when I say that, had I foreseen the consequences, I should have hesitated before doing so.
>
> Now, sir, I want to ask you if you have a vacancy in *any* capacity in your offices, in which you could give me a trial?
>
> I would be quite willing to work on probation for a few weeks, in return for my bare expenses, with a view to your giving my abilities a fair test.
>
> Failing a vacancy in your offices, do you know of any gentleman who wants a man, and who would not be afraid to "risk" taking an ex-soldier?
>
> If not, can you recommend any employment agency which does not want a sum of money on deposit and a further sum when employment has been found?
>
> I ask this because I am almost penniless.

UPON THE TAPIS.—II.

By Retlaw.

LUXURY.

Prince von Bülow declared before the Prussian Diet the other day that the German people are becoming dangerously luxurious in their style of living. The Germans so long have been held up to us as models of thrift, industry, and sobriety, that it is quite refreshing to have a contrary expression of opinion from a man who ought to know what he is talking about. But, after all, surely it is better that people who are burdened with more money than they need should spend their superfluity in luxuries, rather than hoard the shekels. In the former case the cash at least is kept in circulation, and a proportion of it must filter down to the industrial classes in the form of wages.

Dr. Johnson

was of the same opinion, I find; and it is gratifying to find myself for once in entire agreement with His Pomposity Said he, "Luxury, so far as it reaches the people, will do good to the race of people; it will strengthen and multiply them. Sir, no nation was ever hurt by luxury; for, as I said before, it can reach but a very few."

At the same time it is a distinct misfortune to be born with luxurious tastes. I was. From the first moment of my existence I liked and consistently demanded the best of everything; and, until I arrived at the years of discretion, invariably got what I wanted. But a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. As an infant I was waited on hand and foot; but since I adopted literature as a career, I have had to wait on my own feet with my own hands, and on my hands, with my own feet. To the frivolous-minded this may sound like a new form of gymnastic exercise, but to me it is a very real sorrow. As a child I conscientiously

Refused to Eat Crusts:

now, as a journalist, I am thankful to get such simple fare; and if, by some excess of good fortune, a crumb of cheese be added, what gastronomical ecstasy is mine! As a small boy I was accustomed to having my hair nicely brushed for me: now, alas, the anxieties of a life of letters (and bills) have left me none to brush! Nevertheless, one luxury is still within my reach,

The Luxury of Doing Good:

therefore do I present these profound meditations for the edification of the 300,000 readers of John Bull for a consideration (but that is a matter strictly between the Editor and myself). However, let me say in all seriousness that we of this latter time *are* somewhat given to luxurious habits. If we could but recapture the fine philosophic frenzy expressed in that famous old song in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells—and, by the way, what gay old dogs the bishops appear to have been in those days!—it would probably be better for us:

"Back and syde goe bare, goe bare,
Both foote and hande goe colde;
But belly, God sende thee good ale enough,
Whether it bee newe or olde."

* * * * * *

THE WRECK OF THE "REPUBLIC."

I have no desire to disparage or belittle the admirably cool conduct of the Marconi operator on board the *Republic* at the time of, and subsequent to, the collision, but I must confess that to my mind both the public and the Press have allowed themselves to become somewhat hysterical about the incident; and if Binns is the sort of man I should imagine him to be, I think he must be just about sick of the

Fulsome Adulation

to which he has been subjected. I don't want so much to criticise the conduct of Binns, which was cool, steady, and seamanlike. All who go down to the sea in ships are expected by a seafaring nation to possess those qualities. What concerns me most is the recent explosion of popular feeling regarding the occurrence. It is quite evident that whatever we may have been in the past, we are by no means an heroic people to-day. The performance of a most obvious duty at no exceptional risk to the person is exalted by the popular imagination into an act of stupendous heroism; and I maintain that this form of exaggeration does not tend to increase the courage of the nation.

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	6 Bottles.	12 Bottles.	In Jars of 4 & 6 Gals.	In Casks of 6 Gals. & upwards.
15 Years Old	26/6	52/-	25/6 per Gal.	25/- per Gal.
10 Years Old	21/6	42/-	20/6 "	20/- "
6 Years Old	18/6	36/-	17/6 "	17/- "

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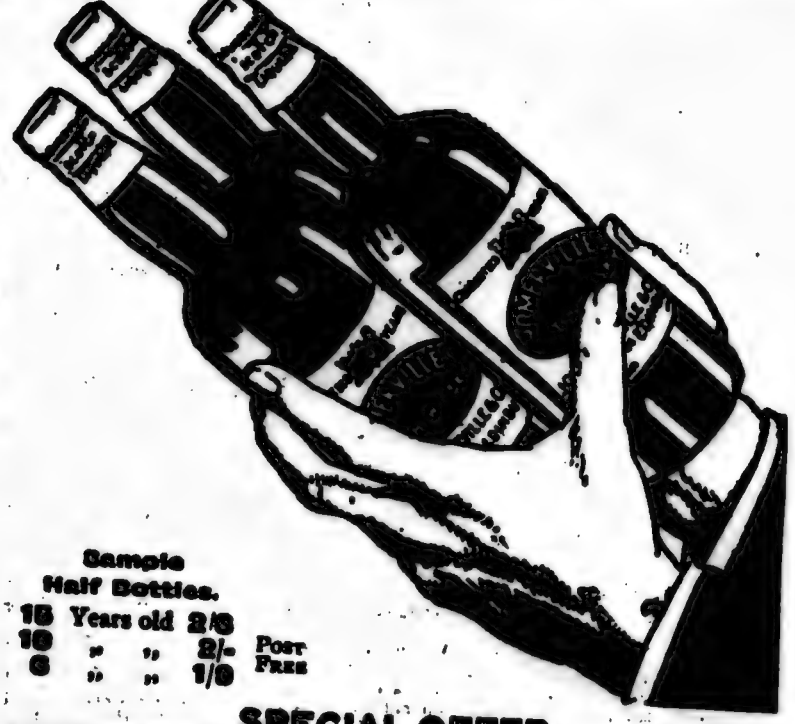
JOHN SOMERVILLE & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.
(ESTABLISHED 1826.)



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SPECIAL OFFER ORDER FORM.

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd.,
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I enclose remittance, value ..... for which please send me .....gals. .....bots. of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed ... . Years Old Scotch Whisky, on condition that if it is not the finest whisky I have ever tasted (price considered) I am at liberty to return it and you will refund my money.

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THE LUNACY SCANDALS.

THE STOCKBROKER AND THE GAIETY GIRL.

Since referring to these lunacy scandals a fortnight ago we have had visits from several victims. Here are the salient facts concerning one of them :—

In May, 1907, a young actress—she was under 21—who had been appearing at the Gaiety in "Aladdin," went away with a stockbroker. The girl was fatherless, and it was sought to deceive the mother by the following telegram: "Married to-day." The two lived as man and wife for nearly a year, and during that time, as the girl alleges, there was medical treatment which brought the parties within reach of the Criminal Law. By and bye the paramour tired of her and the girl not being well was persuaded to go to a nursing home at Cheltenham. She went there on March 13th, 1908. It was quite a nice place, but she was lonely, and on the stockbroker refusing to bring her back to London she left without any intimation to the people of the home. She walked to Churchdown, a village near Cheltenham, with the intention of coming on to London. Whilst at the station the matron of the Retreat came up to her and persuaded her to go to the Chosen Hotel for a cup of tea. She was taken into a room where she was visited by two doctors, and soon afterwards she was put into a carriage and driven to Barnwood House, Gloucester. At this private asylum she remained about a month. The payments to the asylum, about four guineas a week, were made by the broker, and she has no complaint of any kind as to her treatment in the asylum. At the end of the month the girl contrived to escape, and made her way to her mother's house at Fulham. The mother, a weak sort of woman, had been persuaded that her daughter was really insane, but upon hearing what she had to tell her, she knew she had been deceived, and wrote to the asylum, warning the authorities there that if any attempt was made to re-incarcerate her daughter it would be resisted. They replied that she had been there under an Emergency Order which would expire in less than a fortnight, when they would be unable to take her back without fresh authority. Nor has any attempt since been made to send her back. The man who had lived with her "washed his hands of her," to quote his own words, and she is now taking proceedings at law against him.

Now in this case there is no suggestion of ill-treatment at the asylum. No blame, so far as we can see, attaches to the authorities at Barnwood House. We have no doubt they can show adequate authority for receiving the girl, and they treated her kindly. The seriousness of the case, from the public point of view, lies in the ease with which the girl was put into the asylum against her will, and the absence of independent examination as to her mental condition after she got there. Two Commissioners visited the asylum whilst she was there, and they saw her, but they did nothing. And yet she was as sane as either of them, as anyone of average intelligence could have discovered for himself by a few minutes' conversation. Surely it ought to be the duty of some capable Government medical officer to examine the patients in these private asylums with the object of ascertaining whether they are really insane, and therefore fit subjects for detention.

Our last week's article has brought us many letters, and below we give extracts from a few of them.

Dr. Forbes Winslow writes from Nice :—

> With regard to the important and painful account of the detention of a leading London surgeon and treatment in a private lunatic asylum, situated at M——, in Middlesex, I desire to say that his case is only one among many who have been subjected to such treatment. The chief salient points which appear to me to arise out of this sad case are—First, the lamentable ignorance of the doctors who certified, one of whom was a London specialist, in failing to diagnose delirium associated with alcoholic excess from an incurable malady, which has distinct and marked indications.
>
> 2. Whether it was with the knowledge of the Commissioners in Lunacy that a species of vivisection was practised on a patient confined in a lunatic asylum within their "immediate jurisdiction," in tapping his spinal column to remove some of the cerebro-spinal fluid for examination—a most dangerous and useless experiment.
>
> 3. Whether the proprietor of this private lunatic asylum gave his consent to this operation, which was not performed with a view of treating the complaint, but of confirming the diagnosis of the doctors which proved to be wrong from the very first.
>
> 4. Whether it is the custom of this proprietor to allow patients to be placed under his "medical care," and when admitted and asking to be seen by a doctor, to be told that "no patient is seen medically after 8 p.m."
>
> 5. Whether it is not the duty of the authorities and the governors to make immediate investigation to prevent a repetition of such barbarity.

Miss Arabella Kenealy, M.D., writes to the surgeon referred to above :—

> I have read the account in John Bull with much pain and distress. It was simply wicked to treat you so, and as events prove, was quite unjustifiable.
>
> I think the members of our profession are always making the most stupid blunders of this description (because one cannot believe it was malice). The vast majority of their blunders are never found out, because they prove fatal to the patient.
>
> One hears on all sides of them. But it is particularly terrible when they take the cruel form of incarcerating the sane. I can see that you have undergone a sad and most trying ordeal. I hope you will do your utmost to forget, and not let it prey upon you.

A writes :—

> I was detained in Claymore Asylum for three months without ever seeing a Commissioner, and also without the necessary certificates required for the detention of a private patient. I have exhausted every means to obtain redress from the Police Infirmary Authorities, Local Government Board, and so on, but in each instance can get no further than "regret."

B writes :—

> I was ten months in an asylum before it was visited by two Commissioners. When they did come I had the greatest difficulty in securing a personal and private interview with them, and when I did so, both informed me that they had no power to release patients against the wishes of the asylum doctors. Immediately after the departure of the Commissioners I was very roughly handled and knocked about by two attendants, or "nurses," for presuming to make "unauthorised complaints." During the first three weeks of my incarceration I wrote three letters to the Commissioners in Lunacy, each of which ran as follows :—
>
> > "I have been decoyed into this institution and have been kept here against my will ever since. I wish to be given a chance to prove publicly that the pretexts under which I am detained here, and the manner in which I was decoyed to this establishment, are unjust and illegal."
>
> I received no answers. Is it not reasonable to assume that these letters never left the place they were written in? Perhaps the result would have been the same if they had. During the whole time of my imprisonment there was not a day on which I was not able and ready to face a public enquiry or examination into the question of my sanity or otherwise. I have never been insane or perverted, or weak at any time inside or outside the place into which I was trapped. Far from having had any brain or nerve trouble, I have never even had such a thing as a real headache.

C writes as one who has two years' experience inside a private asylum as an official. He says :—

> I quite agree with you that there are people detained in private asylums who are well enough to be at large and ought to be at home with their friends. But it is profitable to keep patients as long as possible.

DOCTOR'S VICTORY OVER MODERN NEURASTHENIA.

Publication Free of Two Explanatory Treatises.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY SOLVES GREATEST MEDICAL PROBLEM IN FOOD ADMINISTRATION.

A Disease that Defies Inoculation or Medical Treatment.

"I defy Sir Almroth Wright or anyone else to discover a vaccine for what I consider one of the most serious disorders of the present day—neurasthenia, or nervous breakdown.

"By that I do not mean the born-tired feeling of the unemployable, or the blasé, invertebrate condition of the born-rich without occupation, but the loss of nerve-control and mental energy which comes to the neurotic when the nervous system is strained to breaking point, and the hapless sufferer drifts like a ship without a helmsman, storm-tossed on the sea of his emotions."

Thus declared one of London's most famous physicians in a recent address to the students of St. Mary's Hospital.

Neurasthenia is one of the most distressing and most pathetic ailments, for the secretive character of its devastations unfortunately robs the sufferer of that sympathy to which he or she is fully entitled, and for which the neurasthenic so longingly craves.

The attitude of the nerve-strong and healthy towards the victim of neurasthenia was strikingly exemplified when the term was mentioned in the Waltham Abbey County Court the other day. Judge Tindal-Atkinson smilingly observed that he once asked a medical man the meaning of the word, and he said it was "an indisposition to work."

Neurasthenia is

A Condition rather than a Disease.

There is frequently no local pain or actual organic lesion, except when it reaches such an acute stage as to attack the structure of the brain itself, or the spinal cord. But its presence even in the earlier stages is quickly indicated by a general lowering of the vitality, and by a marked diminution of physical and mental vigour. The keen competition in all callings and professions to-day, the modern craze for speed and excitement, the habit of over-taxing the system with rich and indigestible foods, and the frequency with which stimulants and sedatives are resorted to, are all factors in the depletion of nervous energy, which sooner or later culminates in neurasthenia.

A distinguished medical authority, Dr. Beard, the first to professionally identify neurasthenia as a distinct disorder, describes it as "a disease with 150 symptoms." Most of these symptoms are, unfortunately, too familiar among us to-day. One of the most peculiar characteristics of the neurotic is that lack of power of inhibition which betrays itself in incessant restlessness, or, as we generally style it, "fidgetiness," a desire to be always on the move. It betrays itself in what are known to medical and scientific authorities as (unconscious) "motor habits."

Physicians now admit that medicine is absolutely unavailing in the treatment of neurasthenia, and the greatest modern authority on the subject advocates a dietetic rather than a medicinal method of treatment.

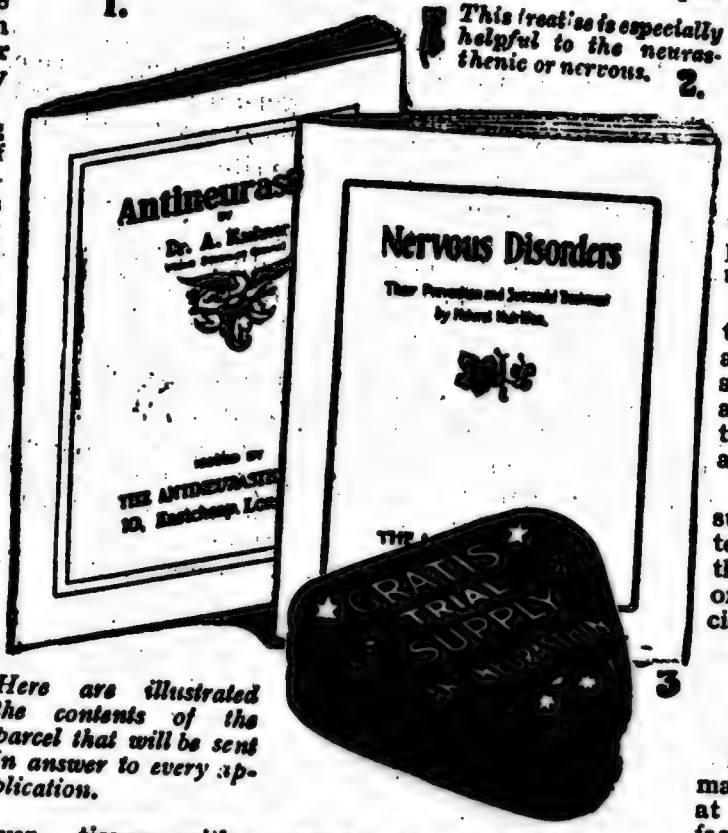
Something more than food, however, is required. A man might consume the best steaks and chops for a lifetime and not increase his nervous energy an atom.

What is really wanted is a subtle combination of the elements of certain foods that possess the essentials necessary for the creation and development of new nerve-substance. These are best obtained in that most successful nerve-food, Antineurasthin, which is a nerve-food of a highly concentrated kind, readily assimilable by the most feeble digestion, and which supplies the nerves and nerve tissues with precisely those lecithinic elements they require.

1.

This treatise is especially helpful to the neurasthenic or nervous.

2.



3

Here are illustrated the contents of the parcel that will be sent in answer to every application.

Nerve Nutrition a Necessity.

Defective nutrition is the source of all this misery—that is, defective and inefficient nutrition of the brain and nerve-centres. For this purpose a food containing Lecithin as an organic compound is the only physiologically perfect diet. Stimulants or sedatives merely serve to perpetuate and propagate nervous troubles, and only the supply of a suitable nerve nutriment and substitute for wasted nerve substance will recreate and reinforce the depleted nervous organism. Such a nerve food is Dr. Hartmann's Antineurasthin.

It is a food—a nerve food—and a food alone. It contains no medicine or drug, and nothing of a merely stimulating or depressent character. Antineurasthin has the same effect on a famished nervous system as a good meal has upon a hungry man. Its invigorating effect is quickly felt, but there is no reaction, as in the case of a stimulant or a "tonic." As the treatment is continued the general feeling of nerve and mental health increases, and the patient begins to experience a new relish in life. Depression and lethargy give way to optimism and activity, the mind and body are more difficult to fatigue, and the mental powers and memory quickly improve. All this is brought about simply by feeding the nerve-centres and nerve-tissues with a really nourishing and sustaining substance that feeds the nervous system and the nervous system alone.

Antineurasthin has won golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of people.

His Holiness the Pope's physician speaks of it in the highest terms.

Mr. Wentworth Lascelles-Scott, the well-known public analyst and lecturer on chemistry, says that Antineurasthin is a pure, skilfully-prepared and effective nerve-food, and is likely to be highly beneficial in all cerebral disorders.

Another distinguished scientist says:—"Give it (Antineurasthin) to invalids and sufferers at the point of death through nerve-force exhaustion, and it will actually save life. It supplies quickly—and in great volume—the all-necessary nerve or vital force. Also it is a food that makes extraordinarily small demand upon the patient's store of nerve-energy for the work of its digestion and assimilation."

Hundreds of grateful letters have been received from previous patients.

Thanks to the generosity of those in whose hands the distribution of Dr. Hartmann's wonderful remedy is placed, it is possible to make a trial of Antineurasthin free of charge.

It has been decided to send to all readers who write to the address given below a special supply of Antineurasthin and, in addition a copy of an interesting treatise on "Nervous Disorders," as well as Dr. Kuhner's pamphlet.

This will give all those who suffer a splendid opportunity of testing the value of a remedy that has been used in the practice of our most distinguished physicians.

Complimentary Trial Afforded to Readers.

It is certain that there are many readers of this paper who at times feel the effect of brain fag, who suffer from headache, depression, lassitude, weakness, and lack of concentration power. To these, as well as to those who are confirmed neurasthenics, the best advice that can be given is, "Accept the offer made to you here. Obtain a free supply of Dr. Hartmann's wonderful nerve-food and test its merits without delay."

All applications for free trial supplies of Antineurasthin and free copies of Dr. Kuhner's treatise should be addressed to the Antineurasthin Company, 41, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C. With each application two penny stamps should be enclosed to cover cost of postage.

For the information of those who have already made trial, Antineurasthin can be obtained from the Army and Navy Stores, and all leading chemists.—[ADVT.]

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Pete Curran, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

Dear Pete,—Don't take your recent little indiscretion too much to heart. We all make slips of some sort, hundreds and thousands of them, and if we did not forgive one another (being conscious, as the Judge said, of each other's infirmities) we should make a very queer thing of life. Wherefore cheer up and look pleasant.

I should not have written to you on this matter at all had it not been that you have yourself taken the manly and courageous course of requesting the Chairman of the Labour Party to convey to your colleagues your regrets, expressed your intention to become a total abstainer (and I have no jibe against any man for this when the danger signal runs out), requested that public announcement should be made of your resolve, and intimated that you will summon a meeting of your constituents where you will renew your regrets and your pledges. Few of us who are in public life, whether or not your friends or opponents in politics, can fail to be touched in some measure by your voluntary appearance in sackcloth and ashes. Your action goes almost all the way to blot out the record of a little lapse which only became glaring because the fierce lights of publicity were by chance turned upon it. After all, there are quite a crowd of us, M.P.'s included, who occasionally dine not wisely but too well, and who are probably saved from the legal penalties of our indiscretions by the friendly offices of a convenient chauffeur or jehu.

Your somewhat fierce socialism notwithstanding, your heart is in the right place, the sincerity of your faith and work is unquestioned and unquestionable, and through and through you are a good fellow. You are not going to lose any friends over this business. I suppose the next time that we meet in the House it will have to be ginger ale; but never mind, your hand and heart will be equally warm.

John Bull.

To Mrs. Winston Churchill, Carlton House Terrace, London.

Dear Madame,—I am told that you made a delightful little speech at the Fair Women Exhibition, but were very, very nervous. With a little more practice I do not doubt that you will overcome this sort of stage fright. As Winston will tell you, audiences are merely an aggregation of individuals, none of whom you would fear making a speech at in your own drawing-room. As soon, therefore, as you have got into the habit of looking at them and thinking of them and talking to them as one person, as you would your *vis-à-vis* at dinner, you have ceased to fear them and learned to command them.

Of course, making a speech on the spur of the moment is another matter, though I do believe that ladies when entirely self-possessed make much prettier extempore speeches than men do. You must tell Winston to give you a few lessons in the art of being afraid of nothing and nobody. With great respect, madame,

John Bull.

To Mr. Harry Lauder, Millionaire, London.

Dear Harry,—Noo ye ha'e come hame again, an' brocht back maist o' the £800 a week wi' ye, I'm thinkin' it maun be a graund, upliftin' gift o' Proveedence tae be able tae warble for sae michty a heap o' siller. Ye ken 'at the deeference atween some fowk an' ithers is that some fowk hae a guid voice but canna sing at a', while ithers caa sing but hae nae voice at a'. I am in sair doot as tae why ye draw sae lairge a salary, but pairadventure it is because ye're yin o' the ithers. Gin ye dinna shoo awa' the crood 'at thraws flowers at ye when ye gang ower seas an' thraws up its bonnet for ye whin ye come hame again, I'm fearin' they'll sune be settin' an awfu' jealousy atween yersel' an' the Prince o' Wales. Ye micht hae kenned lang syne 'at ye're no yin o' the Breetish Royal Family.

If I am tae judge by the wey some Londoners gang an' whoop efter ye, they hae a sicht o' bees in their bonnets at times; an' takin' into account the easy style ye respond tae the cheers, ye maun hae a lairge heid on ye the noo. I'm no denyin', mark ye, 'at as an accompaniment tae the orchestra ye hae a takkin' wey wi' ye—'deed, I hae nae doot ye're takkin' mair than ony ither mon in the same line o' business. An' it's nae wunner at a', for I wad bang as muckle as a saxpence tae hear the "Saftest o' the Family" mysel', an' I wad raither lose the cash than lose yer Daisy. Guid luck.

John Bull.

To John Redmond, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

Dear John,—Just a word. We used to hear a great deal of Ireland and the Irish party being under the dominion of the Roman Catholic priests. Evidently things have considerably altered. Have you noticed, for instance, the Visitation speech at Claremorris of Dr. Healy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam? That eminent ecclesiastic said that "the people were not fit for Home Rule, though he hoped they would get it. They were an excitable and passionate people, and very easily misled into evil courses." If the Archbishop is wrong, don't you think you should put him right? For if he is right, you will see at once that you must be wrong. I do not say that Erin will get Home Rule just yet, but I should like you to school her in morals and general deportment to the satisfaction of his lordship if anything is really amiss, and get her thoroughly finished off in case the English people are seized with a sudden desire to wipe her bitter tears away. Nothing like being ready, you never can tell.

John Bull.

To Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, New York.

Dear Lady Constance,—Judging by some of the American newspapers, your particular style of dancing in aid of educational objects does not appeal to the chaste ideas of the American public. They appreciate the pirouetting of "Salomé," but go into hysterics of shocked modesty when they hear of your appearing on the stage and in the drawing-rooms in Greek costume and bare feet. The Yankee Smart Set, who boomed the bare feet of Trilby till they became texts for sermons and models for table decoration, have commenced to blush at the sight of yours. Wearing gowns which commence somewhere near the waist, they lift their holy hands at the sight of the soft, untransparent draperies which cling about you in the dance.

You really take the sensational stupidities and unveracities of Yankee journalists too seriously. They have disappointed one dowager already, and will probably disappoint others; then, instead of pillorying you, they will probably start recommending you to ecclesiastical artists as a suitable subject for stained glass windows. As to that dowager I have mentioned, she went to see you dance in the house of one of her friends, expecting to have one of the nicest blushes she had experienced since she achieved the age of seventeen. "But," she said to her hostess in disappointed tones, "this is not bad at all. I really hoped it was going to be dreadful." However, if they do not want your dances in New York, why not try them in London? If you dance well, I mean; for if you don't, even your nude feet and your Greek draperies will not recommend you. Miss Maud Allan, herself an American, I believe, is quite popular here, and the bare mention of her "Salomé" drives the greater part of her audience to opera glasses. As they say in the classics, seeing is believing. Think over my suggestion, dear Lady Constance.

John Bull.

Sir John Tenniel, Cartoonist, Maida Hill, N.W.

Congratulations on eighty-ninth birthday. Glad you have found life such a draw. Bull.

Rev. R. J. Campbell, City Temple, London.

Approve your hypothesis that probably first duty of State under Socialism would be to increase King's salary What about yours? Bull.

Henniker Heaton, M.P., House of Commons.

Much interested in your discovery that British penny postage stamp meanest within Postal Union. Try persuade P.M.G. retail it at three for twopence. Bull.

W. D. F. Vincent, Editor, "Tailor and Cutter," London.

Regret unable support your suggested Abolition of Trousers Bill, 1909. Knickerbockers too close. Kilts too draughty. Bull.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

John Bull (soliloquising): "I don't care what they *call* the place so long as they get rid of that fellow in the doorway."

IN THE CITY.

THE GOLD OUTPUT.

The official estimates of the gold production of the leading countries of the world in 1908 have now been published, and the most striking thing about them is the growth of the Transvaal output, which last year amounted in value to no less than £29,957,000. The total output of gold in 1908 was, in round figures, £84,000,000, but the Transvaal was the only country in which there was any considerable expansion. The United States, which comes next, produced in 1908 £18,262,000, as against £18,875,000 in 1906; and Australasia, which comes third, receded from £16,929,000 in 1906 to £15,077,000 in 1908. Rhodesia shows improvement, taking the same years, from £2,000,000 to £2,526,000, but there is small likelihood of the gold output from that country assuming large proportions. Canada has fallen away from £2,300,000 in 1906 to £1,1,676,000, and India shows a slight gain of from £2,621,000 to £2,664,000, whilst West Africa shows a substantial improvement from £877,000 to £1,186,000. How rapidly the world's production of gold has increased is shown in the fact that whilst in 1908 it reached £84,000,000, in 1882 it was only £20,500,000. And with more economical and efficient operations with modern machinery, and modifications of procedure of extraction, it is reasonable to assume that the expansion will continue.

THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED.

We had something to say last week about the way in which this Company treats its employees in the Bristol district, and the shocking wages paid to its female workers. All told, the issued capital of the Company amounts to £17,560,165, of which £2,065,011 is 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, and £4,959,249 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, the remainder being divided into preferred ordinary and deferred ordinary shares. Since the Company was formed in 1902 the net trading profits have amounted to £11,432,322. For the year ended October, 1907, the Company made a profit of £2,055,732; for the year ended October 31st, 1908, its profit was £2,068,616. The dividend on the deferred ordinary shares has risen from 4 per cent. in 1903 to 12 per cent. for 1907 and 1908, whilst the reserve stands at £1,500,000. For the past twelve months the trading profits approximate to nearly double those received for the first year's trading; the carry-forward last year was £200,781, and the Company has investments in and loans to associated companies amounting to £1,636,028, and it has in addition investments in Government, County Council, and Corporation stocks and debentures, Railway debentures, and preference stocks valued at published prices at £2,150,084. The cash in hand on October 31st last amounted to £974,451. It will be seen from these figures that the Company is enormously prosperous, and that there is no company in the kingdom better able to pay its employees fair wages. It is only right to say that a sum of £100,000 has been set aside for the purpose of providing a pension fund for the Company's staff, but it is not clear whether this will benefit the lower grades of workers, the thousands of females to whom we referred last week, and who have to be content with wages from 3s. to 10s. per week.

IRISH LAND STOCK.

At the end of last week the quotation for Consols was 84 5-16, and for Irish Land Stock 86, yet Irish Land Stock yields 2¾ per cent., while Consols yield only 2¾ per cent. Why is it that the one stock is cheaper than the other? The security for the two is the same—the guarantee of the British Government. The answer is the answer to the other question, why Irish landlords refuse to accept in payment for their lands Irish Land Stock, and it is because Ireland is disloyal, so disloyal that Mr. Haldane, who is working with might and main to call into existence Home defence armies in England, Scotland and Wales, dare not establish a Territorial Force in Ireland. This pregnant fact may be commended to the sham Imperialists who howl at Mr. Birrell because he will not resort to coercion. Let him amend the Wyndham Land Act so as to guarantee the creation of a peasant proprietary on fair terms, and instead of having to maintain an army in Ireland to keep the people down in the day of stress, we might soon be able to count upon them, as upon the rest of the Kingdom, for hearty aid should the enemy ever sight our shores.

BANK SALARIES.

A provincial correspondent employed in a bank writes to thank us for the way in which we have urged upon bank directors the desirability of an increase in the salaries of bank employés, and he instances his own bank. In this particular bank "cashiers do not receive anything like £150 a year. Two men, first and second (at least acting as such), have £130 a year each, and have been in the service sixteen years. It is a most trying position for a man, and though the hours are not long, the responsibility is great. Nor is there the certainty of promotion when vacancies arise. A man, after five or six years' service, was made manager at ———, on a salary of £250 a year. He was put straight into the bank, over the heads of those who had served for years." It is not suggested that all banks overlook just claims in this way, but even when promotion comes to those entitled to it, it often leaves the recipient greatly underpaid.

We have also received the following:—

> I have read with interest your article re Bank Salaries, and quite agree with your correspondent. I know of a case in which a clerk was in charge of a sub-branch of a bank. During the year £200,000 passed through his hands, and his salary was £45 per year! I will also take the case of three fellows in one branch in a certain Yorkshire town. The eldest, age 24, salary £50, one rise of £5 in three years. Next to him the clerk's age is about 21, his salary is £45, and he has not had an increase for two years, his last being £5. Under him is the junior, 20 years of age, who has been in the bank three years; his salary is £30 a year, he is living away from home and is supposed to keep himself on this. Above these three are the manager and cashier, whose salaries I do not know.
>
> These are only samples of scores of cases I know of. It is quite common for cashiers to have only £90 a year.

A WELSH INSURANCE COMPANY.

We learn that the arrangements for the establishment of a general insurance company of Welsh origin, which have been going on for some time past are nearing completion. Powers will be taken to transact all kinds of insurance business except life, the chief lines contemplated being fire, personal accident and workmen's compensation. Mutual arrangements, which will ensure some valuable connections, have been made with an important life assurance company, and a strong Board has been formed. The capital is to be £500,000 in £5 shares, of which £1 per share is intended to be called up, the minimum subscription to be £250,000. The Company, which will be entirely non-tariff, will have its headquarters in Cardiff, but there will be branches in Swansea, London, and Liverpool.

THE GRESHAM PENSION POLICY.

We have received from the general management of the Gresham Assurance Society an explanation of the Society's new Pension Policy. The scheme not only provides a liberal pension for the premium charge, with a guarantee of the return of all payments (less the first) with compound interest in case of death or surrender, but admits of the commutation of the pension for an equivalent cash payment if desired. The distinguishing feature of the policy is the optional pension age. In the ordinary course a proposer must decide on effecting a policy at what age he desires to receive the benefits provided thereunder. But this scheme is so arranged that on reaching fifty-five the policy-holder may cease payment of premiums and commence to receive the pension as per scale; or he may commute the pension for an equivalent cash payment; or he may continue his premium payments for another five years. Assuming he adopts the latter course, on reaching the age of sixty, the same three courses are open to him, but, of course, the pension he may receive, and the alternative cash payment, are much larger than they would have been if he accepted at fifty-five. The scheme is applicable to both male and female lives, and will be specially suited to the latter in the case where the husband is entitled to a retiring allowance under the terms of his employment and desires to make a similar provision for his wife.

The M.P.A (Motorists' Protection Association, Ltd.) has been formed with the object of providing for the motor, cycle and allied trades a mercantile and trade association conducted on similar lines to those of other associations dealing with special industries. The Association will also provide legal assistance to all motorists and give the benefit of its various departments to any subscriber upon special and advantageous terms and conditions. It is believed that an organisation of the kind, giving its attention more particularly to the motor trade, is wanted. A fee of one guinea will entitle the subscriber to the use and benefits of all the departments of the Association for one year from date of payment, subject to its rules and regulations.

We have to acknowledge a copy of the "Mining Manual, 1909," compiled by Mr. Walter R. Skinner. This work is now so well known, and so deservedly appreciated, that it is not necessary to say much about the new volume, save that it maintains in every way the high character for accuracy and comprehensiveness won by its predecessors. The "Mining Manual" will be sent to anyone post free on 15s. being remitted to the proprietor, Mr. Walter R. Skinner, of 11 and 12, Clement's Lane, E.C., and it can be got from all booksellers.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

LOAN ON DEEDS.—F. L. (Birmingham).—If a company raised money in the way you suggest, it would be acting fraudulently.

THE MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—PADDY (Cork).—We have no reason to suppose the statement to which you refer was not absolutely correct.

INAMBARI PERAK RUBBER ESTATES, LIMITED.—L. J. T. S. (Queen's Club Gardens).—You say that you took up shares in this company in April, 1907, and that you have "never by word or deed had any notice of meeting, or received a balance-sheet to say if the whole of the capital is lost, or if you are entitled to 100 per cent. dividends." Why not write to the Secretary and invite him to explain this mysterious silence. Let us know what he says, if you can get him to say anything.

BRITISH CORPORATION LOANS.—J. P. B. (Dalston).—There are many Corporations whose loans, taken at their present market price, give a yield to the investor of over 3½ per cent.

FREEBORN, FRANKLIN AND Co.—F. B. (Clapham).—Better have nothing to do with them.

GRAND TRUNK ORDINARY.—F. C. S. (Old Charlton).—(1) We think it quite likely. (2) The building society you name is a sound one.

J. B. McKENZIE.—H. B. (South Woodford).—With reference to our previous answer, a correspondent has been good enough to inform us that Roland Morgan is the name of the man who trades as J. B. McKenzie. He has removed from 23, Rood Lane, E.C., to 13, Finsbury Circus, where he keeps a bucket shop in another name.

COLLECTION OF INCOME TAX.—D. W. T. (Northwood).—We have read your letter with interest. The treatment to which you were subjected is disgraceful. Apparently, under the present Government the officials whose duty it is to collect the tax have been instructed to give consideration to nothing but the collection of the money with the least possible delay.

STATUS OF BANKING SOCIETY.—R. A. (Wigan).—We should prefer another selection.

BANK CREDIT OVERDRAFTS.—DUBIOUS (Bolton).—We are making enquiries. On the face of it the offer seems to be too good.

CLAIM UPON BOND.—H. W. (Park Lane).—We advise you not to take legal steps against the company without consulting a solicitor, or you may find yourself throwing good money after bad.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—T. W. (Llanharran).—We should prefer it to the other you name.

LONDON PURE MILK ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.—P. H. D. (Peckham).—The expressed objects of the company are, of course, excellent, but its shares are necessarily very speculative.

SOUTH WALES AND IRON COMPANY.—MINER (Aberdare).—The address of the publisher is 12, James Street, Cardiff, and the price is 1s. net.

UNITED KINGDOM SAVINGS INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—R. F. W.—The answer to your enquiry is in the negative.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—DENTON (Liverpool).—It has been carrying on business for a large number of years.

LIST OF SHAREHOLDERS.—J. I. (Belfast).—Yes, they can be got from Somerset House. On application there you would be given the scale charged. It is sufficient to address, Joint Stock Companies' Department, Somerset House, Strand, London, W.C.

HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.—T. G. K. (Liverpool).—Yes, it is a bank of very high standing.

BRUNNER, MOND AND Co.—JAY BEAY.—We should be disposed to hold for the present.

CO-PARTNERSHIP, LIMITED.—H. J. W. (Withernsea).—Our advice to you is to have nothing to do with Co-Partnership, Limited.

BONDHOLDERS' REGISTER.—P. C. (Streatham).—The paper is published twice monthly, price 6d. H. B. (West Hartlepool).—Ditto H. M. B.—This paper will give you the information you want.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—GEORDIE (South Shields).—We should buy a few industrial shares in which there are active dealings, so that if you wanted the money you could get it in a few days.

BRYANT TRADING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—W. A. (Doncaster).—Our advice to your friend would be to sell if she can do so, but we are afraid she will have a difficulty in obtaining a purchaser.

CHINESE BONDS.—W. E. (Kennington Road).—We should prefer the Gold Bonds, which give a handsome return.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—C. R., (West Ham).—We cannot advise you to purchase bonds through the people whose circular you send us.

BANK SHARES.—WORRIED (Gillingham).—We know of no good reason why you should sell the bank shares you have just bought. The only objection to them is the heavy uncalled capital which makes shares of the kind unsuitable for persons of very moderate means. But there is no likelihood of any call being made by any one of the banks whose shares you hold.

STATUS OF BANK.—F. B. (Bridge of Allan).—It is not usual for a bank to require the investment of money as a condition of employment. What is the position you are offered as consideration for your putting £1,000 into the concern?

WENTWORTH, COUTTS AND Co.—SULPHUR LAD (Harrogate).—We do not understand your question as to whether you would be "likely to be paid out if any profits become due" to you. Try and make your meaning clear.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—E. W. P. (Carpnor).—We are afraid you must reckon with the loss. J. H. W. (Manor Park).—See previous answer We do not know what you can do except await developments

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—E. P. (Albemarle Street).—We know nothing against them.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT COMPANY.—L. L. (Brighton).—It would not be suitable for your purpose.

PREMIUM BONDS.—D. R. (Guy's Hospital).—(1) The "Bondholders' Register" will give you the information. (2) Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

PROVIDENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—ASSINORUM (Kilburn).—If you have been paying in for five years you have a right to a surrender value, which would be about one-third the amount you have paid in. If you have not paid in for this length of time, or you do not keep up your payments, your interest will disappear, and you will have no claim against the society.

UNITED WORKMEN'S LEGAL SOCIETY.—CAUTIOUS (Bowes Park).—We have no information respecting this particular society, but we may say that we have not much faith in concerns that for a nominal fee offer to carry through litigation for their members.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BANKING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.—CLERK (Elgin).—We see nothing in the circulars you send us to suggest exceptionally favourable treatment.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—J. B. A. (Belfast).—As you no doubt know, the first two firms you name are in liquidation. As to the third, you would get any bonds you bought from them, but you would pay from 20 to 30 per cent. above the market price.

INTEREST ON BONDS.—A. W. C. (Redcar).—We should sell the bonds.

BRITISH CONSOLIDATED OIL CORPORATION.—F. A. D. (Stafford).—We have no information respecting the Californian company.

THE NATIONAL FREEHOLD LAND AND BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. J. B. (Forest Gate).—(1) We see no good reason why you should not do so. (2) The preferred ordinary shares of the Maypole Dairy Company, at their present price, would give you a yield of about 6 per cent., and you could hardly do better having regard to the security.

WATER COMPANY SHARES.—A. B. C. (Ashford).—They are of very little, if any, value. There are no dealings in them.

A. W. GAMAGE, LIMITED.—E. A. G. (Hull).—We should be inclined to hold for the present.

SOLVENCY OF BANK.—A. S. D. (Putney Common).—We have no reason to question its solvency, but we do not like the exceptional rates of interest upon deposits.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH STOCK EXCHANGE.—C. M. (Birmingham).—The waste-paper basket is the place for the circulars you send us.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

THE SCOTTISH SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—R. L. (Durham).—We agree with the opinion of your friend.

THE CENTURY INSURANCE COMPANY.—S. C. (Walthamstow).—It is an enterprising office, doing well.

PROVIDENT FREE HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—T. V. H. (Holborn).—We have no reason whatever to suppose that this company "is in a bad way," and should be much surprised to find that it is so.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—B. B. (Ashford).—We should have preferred another selection, but we have no reason to suppose that the Company cannot meet its engagements. It is not necessary for you to intimate that you have married since taking out the policy

NEW TABERNACLE SICK AND PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—A H. R. (Battersea).—We are not quite sure, but we think so.

THE PLANET FRIENDLY ASSURANCE COLLECTING SOCIETY.—A REGULAR READER (Manchester).—We are without the information necessary to form an opinion.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.—T. W. (Sheffield).—Yes, we can recommend it. It is a very strong office.

NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE.—A. A. A. (York).—No. One of the best of the non-tariff offices is the Fine Art and General Insurance Company.

INSURANCE OF PARENTS.—MRS. N. (Plaistow).—The statement of the agent will not help you, as you must see from the judge's report which you sent us. PUZZLED ENQUIRER (Nottingham).—See previous answer.

UNITED FRIENDLY INSURANCE COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Kentish Town).—Our information confirms your own.

ENDOWMENT INSURANCE.—SCHOLASTIC (Fulham Park).—We do not know that we can add to the information to which you direct our attention. The Legal and General gives the best results and it is a company of standing.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. P. L. (Liverpool).—Yes, it is a first-class company, and we have never heard of any complaint as to their not meeting their claims promptly.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—J. C. H. (Pimlico).—Why not try the Scottish Widows?

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—ENQUIRER (Cork).—The North British and Mercantile would give you the better result.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—CLARY (Deptford).—We regret we cannot help you to sell your bond.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE.—B. E C. (Mile End).—Yes, but we should prefer another.

THE GENERAL UNION MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—W. E. (Ramsgate).—It seems to be a well-managed society, and prosperous withal.

KING INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. A. (Hove).—In 1904 this company acquired the business of the Fire Re-Insurance Company, Limited, of London, established in 1895. It is a small company without considerable reserves.

THE SELF-HELP INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. M. (Kensal Rise).—We should prefer an institution of longer standing.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE.—C. S. (Grays).—The Legal and General would give you the best result.

SOUND LIFE ASSURANCE.—J. D. (Dulwich).—Yes, it is a company of standing. W. M. M. (Weymouth).—We know of no good reason why you should not take out a policy with this company.

ALBION ASSURANCE COMPANY.—DR PLUMB (Barking).—We cannot recommend it.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—A WORKING MAN (Lynn).—You complain that you have been ill-treated by the Provident Association of London. You say you have been a member for over 19 years, paying at the rate of £1 6s. per month. Altogether you have paid in £303 10s. to date. Apparently you wish to realise instead of continuing to pay the bond until it matures, and the Association offered you £214 5s. 6d., which means that, if you accept it, you would lose £91 4s. 6d., not to talk of interest for the many years your money has been accumulating in their hands. Undoubtedly this looks unfair to you, but you must bear in mind that you entered into a contract to pay a certain sum for 30 years. At the end of 19 years you want to break that contract. The regulations of the Association provide that you may break it upon conditions, but those conditions imply considerable loss to you. Some sort of loss is inevitable where contracts are broken in this way, and if the Association pays you the sum which under its published conditions it undertakes to pay, we do not see that you have any real ground of complaint. The mistake was in entering into a thirty years' contract, but having entered into it, and having agreed to accept a certain sum if at any period after five years' payments you wished to surrender the bond, we do not see that you can reasonably complain if the Association declines to give you more than it undertook to give you. W. B. H. (West Ealing).—What we said was that "W. M." is "now entitled to a fully paid-up bond for £65, or a cash surrender value of 33 per cent. of the amount paid." If he has paid £65 then he can get over the counter £21 13s. 4d. Whether that is a fair sum to offer him is beside the mark. It is a sum to which the is entitled by the contract into which he entered with the Association, and if, when he entered into it, he thought the conditions unfair, he should have declined to take up the bond. H. W. L. (Edmonton).—No, you would not be entitled to the whole of the payment, only a percentage. AMBITIOUS (Forest Gate).—It is an Association doing a large business and has been established many years.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT.—J. C. (Gartmoor).—There is no connection between this Association and the people whose circular you send us. The Association is in liquidation, and we are afraid you must look upon your payments as lost. We know of no sound institution that offers the advantages that were promised by the One and All Sickness and Accident Association. It is impossible to do what that Association promised to do and keep out of the Bankruptcy Court. B. G. B. (Northampton).—Do not send any more money. It could not be accepted. We are afraid that what you have paid in is lost. DUBIOUS (Falkirk).—No, it is in liquidation, and your money is gone. S. J. W. (Hornsey).—We fear not. LLANDILO.—No, we do not think you can recover the 2s. sent. LEX (Motherwell).—See previous answer.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—M. B. S. (Portsmouth).—We are glad to know that the company has arranged the matter to your satisfaction. W. C. (Sheffield).—We see no reason to alter the advice frequently given to members of this corporation. We thank you for your good wishes.

SCOTTISH LEGAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—C. R. (Tollington Park).—The answer is in the affirmative.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. C. S.

"THE REAL WOMAN," by Robert Hichens.

"What is your opinion of Robert Hichens as an author, and a dramatist?"

"A fascinating writer of delightful books, but a feeble maker of lullaby plays." Yes! That expresses it exactly, and it is a thousand pities that Robert Hichens has allowed himself to stray from the romantic paths of his enchanting "Garden of Allah" and drift into the tangled fields of mixed melodrama.

To be candid, "The Real Woman" at all moments is about the most artificial and ungenuine of her sex. She is wealthy, she is lovely, and she is a widow, with more lovers than she knows what to do with, but just to accentuate the sublime confidence she has in herself and her unfailing charms, Lady Arden accepts a £100 to £50 wager that she will victimise, and bring to her feet, the handsome and immaculate young clergyman of Poplar, whose saintly career and determination to devote his life to the Church was finally decided, so we are told, by a casual stroll down Piccadilly.

Fine sport, truly, to set out deliberately to ruin a man's happiness, and shatter his faith for ever in the goodness of womankind—and for what, I ask you? Why, for nothing more nor less than sheer vanity's sake.

In a "third floor back," down Poplar way, Miss Evelyn Millard, still *en grande tenue*, as she has motored straight from her supper party to the East End slum, cleans out saucepans, lights gas-stoves, and shows generally how awkward she is at the business, but this evidently fires the pious imagination of the good-looking parson, and his subjugation is complete when he sees Lady Arden, all diamonds and décolletage, embracing the poor, distraught servant girl, Diana Woodham, and trying to console her for the loss of a little brother.

Now what on earth suddenly induces Miss Millard to make an honest man of the dashing, devil-may-care Allan Aynesworth is rather a mystery. Perhaps, as he tells a nice, thumping big lie for "her sweet sake," in order to extricate her from a far from pleasant situation, Lady Arden realises that her one chance of safety nestles comfortably, for the moment, anyway, in his direction, so she decides to take Mark Vernon for better or for worse, till death or the divorce court doth them part. Judging from the varied caprices of "milady," I'd take odds on the last named interference to their domestic bliss, but no matter.

So poor Mr. Henry Ainley, after declaring his unrequited love, and being enlightened as to the little wager affair, wanders back to Poplar, a more thoughtful and, let us hope, a wiser man. Mr. Herbert Waring objects in the strongest drawing-room language possible, to being made a fool of, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth tells Waring to leave the house as sincerely as he possibly can.

No one knows what becomes of pretty Kate Cutler, and one certainly cares, for, after all, Diana Woodham is about the only natural character in the whole entertainment, and Miss Annie Hughes sends everybody into peals of laughter by her inimitably droll manner as Lady Dorchester. For the rest, let it be said that "The Real Woman" has arrived at the Criterion, that she has been seen, but, alas, notwithstanding all the charm and beauty Miss Millard bestows upon her, I fear she has not conquered.

MARIE DRESSLER AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.

This undoubtedly popular artiste was in her very merriest mood last Saturday evening. She simply overwhelmed everyone with the terrific force and enthusiasm of her wonderfully original acting powers.

Miss Dressler does not crawl on to the scene to show off exquisite gowns created by Mesdames Chose et Chose, neither does she talk in tones so unnatural that nobody can understand a word of what is said—it doesn't matter a jot to Marie Dressler if she wears satin or sacking—whether she appears as a Gipsy Queen, the millionaire daughter of the "Mustard King," or the "Emergency Halfback" in a football match—all she wants to do is to act her part for every inch it is worth, which she does, too—and in a way that rouses her less energetic companions into action as well.

The extraordinary magnetism of Marie Dressler is communicated both behind and before the footlights like so many shocks from an electric battery. I have never known anything like it. Those sudden changes of hers from laughter to tears, from broad comedy to thrilling melodrama, are simply indescribable. Such bright stars twinkle but rarely in the theatrical firmament, and the vast audience showed its appreciation of Marie Dressler's art as one man on Saturday evening.

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As a whole, the programme the new London actress-manageress presents at the Aldwych Theatre is much too long, and many indifferent songs introduced can well be dispensed with, particularly in Act I., of "Philopoena," and, if I may be allowed to say so, Gounod's Jewel Song from "Faust" is not at all an artistic innovation, and quite out of place in the electric-lighted entourage of the "Café de la Cascade" in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

Messrs. Frank Bernard and Stanley Cooke may be good enough in their way, but they are not sufficiently clever as substitutes for those two marvellous comedians, Messrs. Weber and Field, who, if my memory serves me rightly—together with the ever-lovely Lilian Russell, Dave Warfield, Peter F. Dailey, and Marie Dressler herself—drew all New York City for so many years to their popular playhouse on Broadway.

Marie Dressler is surrounded with a very large company at the Aldwych, which includes Madame Morichini, and Mr. Sydney Barraclough, now happily restored to health once more.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Sweet mistress, I would try to aid my wooing
By serving you in old romantic ways;
But I can find no deed that's worth the doing
In these dull days.

Long years ago it would have been my duty
To wear your dainty favour in the lists,
When ladies were sweet Queens of Love and Beauty—
Not Suffragists.

For you I would have won a castle stately,
With moat and keep and dungeons full of rats;
But all these things have been omitted lately,
When building flats.

With gallant knights I could have drained the flagon,
And won your praise by some most valiant feat;
Alas! you get no chance to slay a dragon
In Lombard Street.

Dear Lady mine, these hopes I must abandon;
I cannot now seek out adventures strange;
The lists are gone, so I must try my hand on
The Stock Exchange.

HAROLD CHERON.

MAPLE AND CO.

PROSPECTS OF IMPROVED TRADE—PROGRESS IN BUENOS AYRES.

The nineteenth annual general meeting of Maple and Co., Ltd., was held at the Company's premises, Tottenham Court Road, W., Mr. Clare Henry Regnart, J.P. (the president), in the chair.

The Secretary (Mr. Edward Barnes) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The report submitted stated that the directors recommended a dividend to the ordinary shareholders for the year 1908 of 12 per cent., of which 5 per cent. was paid by way of interim dividend on September 1st last, and that the sum of £6,069 19s. 9d. be carried forward. The reserve had been increased by £30,650, the net premium received on the recent preference share issue, making a total reserve of £368,150. The directors again desired to remind the shareholders that it was in their power to render substantial assistance in further promoting the prosperity of the Company by their support and recommendations.

The President moved the adoption and approval of the report, accounts, and balance-sheet of the Company for the year 1908, and that a final dividend of 7 per cent. be declared and paid, making, with the interim dividend of 5 per cent. paid on September 1st, 1908, a total distribution of 12 per cent. for the year; that the holders of the management shares be remunerated as provided by the articles of association; that £30,650, the net premium received on the preference share issue, be added to the reserve fund; and that £6,069 19s. 9d. be carried forward. (Applause.)

Sir Horace Regnart seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

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D. HARVEY HAGGARD, Gloucester College, GROSVENOR ROAD, LONDON, N.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Unco Guid and Miss Horniman.

Although she has not talked so much about it as some of her masculine rivals, no theatre manager in this country during recent years has done more for the Higher Drama than Miss Horniman. It must be nearly twenty years ago since she first put her hand in her pocket to "produce" several talented but unremunerative dramatists at the London Avenue, now the Playhouse. Then she was the Fairy Godmother of the Irish National Theatre in Dublin. Now she is trying to give the English provinces the best plays, with some of the best actors and actresses in them, on more or less commercial terms. And, lo! and behold, the thanks of Manchester (where she is the lessee at present of the Gaiety), as expressed through the local licensing authority, is to penalise her, to handicap her in her competition with the other theatres, because—what do you think? Because a former manager of the house did not conduct it in just the way the licensing authority thought it should be conducted!

An Astounding Decision.

Miss Horniman wants for the Gaiety a license similar to those granted to the Queen's, the Prince's, and the Royal; she asks that people patronising her programmes shall not be inconvenienced any more than people patronising other Manchester shows, in case they wish to obtain a drink. But, a previous lessee having done something or other that he ought not to have done, the customers of the present manageress, whose bills—without reflecting at all on their rivals in the Cotton City—are at least as admirable as any to be seen in Manchester, and whose personal character and managerial methods are as fine as those of any entertainment caterer in the world, are debarred facilities for harmless, easy liquidation. The ways of the very, very good are past finding out, but it is surely the limit when they apply the doctrine of vicarious punishment to the third and fourth generation of theatrical managers, as it were. One begins to wonder whether Manchester, tolerating this kind of nonsense, really deserves Miss Horniman—whether she would not be well advised to consider the claims of a more enlightened centre of culture—say, Oldham, Pudsey, or Stoke Pogis.

The Hichens Play.

Much of the criticism of Mr. Robert Hichens' play, "The Real Woman," is a little patronising; some of it is curiously beside the point, consisting as it does in comparisons between "The Garden of Allah," which was a very fine novel, and this comedy-drama, which is only a fairly good play. If Mr. Hichens wrote a play as good in its medium as "The Garden of Allah" is in its medium, that play, in all likelihood, would be less successful than "The Real Woman" would be almost sure to be under slightly altered circumstances. For the public that reads and enjoys the best novels is a much more intelligent public—taken in the large—than the public that supports the West End theatres. What is the matter chiefly in the present case is that the Criterion Theatre is the wrong house, and Miss Evelyn Millard is not quite the right leading lady. In parts of the *rôle* of Lady Arden she plays better than I have ever seen her play before, but she has not the needful elasticity to make probable the change in his heroine's character on which Mr. Hichens' play is based.

Dahn Poplar Wye.

Briefly, the idea is that contact with the realities of life can transform or develop the flighty, flirty woman into the good angel; that if the fashionable world really knew how the unfashionable world lives, something might happen. Poplar, where the guardians come from, and where Mr. Will Crooks "holds aloft the banner of the ideal," touches Park Lane on the raw; and Park Lane winces and says it will be a better girl. Of course, in the hands of the customary theatrical botcher, the usual "master of stagecraft," and rendered in terms of the Yellow Press, this idea would be horrible. But Mr. Hichens is a genial and gifted cynic, and he does not slop over; and although it is not a very original tale, or a very brilliant idea, he tells it in the true spirit of comedy. So that it makes an agreeable, wholesome evening's entertainment. It is not great, but it is vastly better than the average machine-made crock of the accomplished veterans at the game; and I wish it luck and Mr. Hichens an encouraging bucket of fees. The acting is of the finest in one or two parts—notably Miss Kate Cutler's East End girl, who has sinned and is accursed. This bit of work alone ought to make the fortune of the play, if Londoners really know remarkable dramatic art when they see it.

The Very Latest.

After Mrs. Nation and Miss Charlesworth, the "heiress who married a railway porter"! This interesting girl is about to be trotted round the halls, in the vain hope that there is "money in it." Some variety caterers seem to take a lot of teaching.

P.

GOLDEN HOME PRESCRIPTION.

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BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Why do they call him a *Prime* Minister?
Can Mr. Balfour raise a Tariffic agitation?
Why doesn't Mr. Haldane call it the Tarry-torial Army?
Has Mrs. Carrie Nation ever heard "Home, Sweet Home"?
Does Tottenham Hotspur like being freed from Cup-ties?
How would Mr. Pelissier like to "pot" the Censor?
Will Sir Charles Wyndham, in "The Blind Passenger," take the "leading" part?
Does Mr. Asquith object to females in his mails?
Did King Alfonso promise not to fly, or not to be flighty?
Is the Cabinet composed of poor law experts?
What sort of a ball is it that Gibson Bowles?
What are the questions that *Answers* answers?

The Mayor of Stepney says Londoners do not realise the debt they owe the rate-collectors. They do down our street.

The "Ripper" outrages in Berlin are evidently the work of some scoundrel on the Spree.

"Skirts will be fuller, but the style will be a modified Directoire," says a fashion note. But most Directoire skirts are already so full that modification can only spell catastrophe.

An evening paper contents bill:
Bottomley Case.
Stirling Defence.
Now, if we had said that!

Before Official Receiver—Re Joyce. Will the creditors?

A little girl has lost the use of her legs through wearing yellow stockings. Another Yellow Peril.

A small boy convicted of stealing pennies from a gas meter pleaded that he had to take whatever he saw. But he left the gas meter.

"If everybody," says Harold Cox, "learns to lean upon the State, upon whom is the State to lean?" Upon everybody, of course.

The Queen of Roumania has started a crusade against the use of corsets Has she room-mania?

There is no truth in the rumour that Harry Lauder escaped from the States by disguising himself as a millionaire.

"Improper things are always attractive," says a contemporary. Yet we say "Ugly as sin."

The £2,700 stolen from H.M.S. Indomitable is producing plenty of "interest."

"In life it is only the unrealities that count," says Laurence North. What about real estate?

Sir George Darwin declares that in time the day will be fifty times as long as at present. "Too Old at One" will be the cry then.

Mr. Taft has been entertained by the "Knockers' Club" of Cincinnati. Naturally he got some sharp raps.

Old Bailey jurors have been complaining of cold. They should have known they were in for a trying time.

Lessons upon the conquest of the air are to be given to Felsted schoolboys. Quite Wright.

"You need not be a bookworm because you are a book-lover," says Mr. Anthony Hope. Yet both devour books?

The native of Hull who has achieved the record of 3 000 consecutive dips in the sea, ought to be given the Order of the Bath.

In Illinois they are searching for a distinguishing title for bachelors to correspond to "Miss." The present one of "Missed-her" will be difficult to better.

"Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior," says Nietzsche. But this makes game of woman?

The stated test, that a silver coin will scratch a slate, while a counterfeit leaves a greasy mark, is of little use, since publicans and shopkeepers don't keep slates nowadays.

"We prefer the German Emperor when he speaks," says *Answers* Personally, we have no preference.

An exhibition of paintings by French railway servants has been opened at Lyons. Nothing new for the exhibition to be "on the line."

Curios:—

Curious to speak of a "whole" day, since every one begins by breaking.
Curious that a man can both give his word, and keep it.
Curious that food for fowls is expensive when for every grain they give a peck.
Curious that no one can ever "stop a minute."
Curious that, useful as light is, it is always being turned out.
Curious that the future battleships of the air must both fight and fly.
Curious that even with a good memory a man is always for-getting.
Curious that a husband should speak of his "dear" wife when she was "given away" when he got her.
Curious that a telegram, should after all, be sent by "post."
Curious that twice eleven is twenty-two, and twice ten is twenty, too.

84/- SUIT TO MEASURE for 45/-

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EACH COMPETITION COMPLETE IN ITSELF EACH WEEK.

ALL ABOUT CHANGELETS.

In this contest, Changelets, you are provided with a paragraph from which you must remove five of the words and substitute five others in the same places, and thus give the sentence a different meaning.

Below you will find a coupon containing a paragraph which must be treated in this manner. The paragraph is :

I love little pussy, her coat is so warm.

Any alteration in a word whatever will be regarded as a change. For example, "*coat*" changed into "*coats*" becomes a new word. Punctuation marks may be added, altered, or omitted, and capital letters may be substituted for small letters, or *vice versa*, without being regarded as changes.

The Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* has arranged to allow readers of JOHN BULL to take part in this week's contest by using the form below.

Lightly cross out on the form below FIVE WORDS—NO MORE, NO FEWER—and write in ink carefully and clearly above each crossed-out word the word you wish to substitute. Then fill in your name and address in the space provided. The result will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* only.

Rules with which Competitors must comply.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
2. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.
3. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "Changelets No. 21" in the top left-hand corner.
4. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, March 11.

The Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.

Paragraph : I love little pussy, her coat is so warm.

With five words altered can become

Changelet : I love *football, but refereeing matches* is so *dangerous.*

YOU MAY USE THIS ENTRY FORM.

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pussy	her	coat
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I undertake to abide by the conditions and agree to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

J.B. *Address*.....

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Lafcadio Hearn.

If those who have crossed the Styx can see the treatment their memory receives from those who remain behind, what surprises—pleasant and unpleasant—must result. Certainly the loyal friendship shown by women must often be a great comfort to the poor "squeaking and chippering" ghost. To take the case of that brilliant writer, Lafcadio Hearn. The appreciative biography of him from the pen of Miss Elizabeth Bisland is followed by a thoroughly spiteful book by Dr. Gould, in which this medical man with ungratified literary aspirations belittles both the literary and personal merit of the man he called his friend. These sneers have been answered in the current *Nineteenth Century* by another woman—Mrs. Kennard. Lafcadio, indeed, deserves well of our sex, for he had a truly chivalrous spirit. Of course, his chief claim to Fame rests upon his subtle and remarkable books about the Japanese. He settled in their country and married an educated little Japanese lady. To make "Setsu's" legal position safe, he became naturalised as a Japanese subject. Not until he made Japan his speciality did he gain either success or money worth mentioning. He was exactly forty when he was forced to write to Miss Bisland asking if she can say a word anywhere to get him regular work—tells how small his earnings have always been, and says: "I am so very tired of being hard-pushed, and ignored, and starved, and obliged to undergo moral humiliations which are much worse than hunger or cold." But a year or two later came his marriage and some degree of literary recognition—and money. Not, however, before he strenuously needed it, for, in accordance with native custom, he had adopted and undertaken to support the whole of his wife's family. The bare idea would be enough to make an Englishman forswear matrimony for ever! But Lafcadio faced the position, and, having been lonely all his life, found it brought him much happiness. He writes, after complaining muchly of outside neglect and ill-treatment: "But I have at home a little world of about eleven people to whom I am Love, and Light, and Food. It is a very gentle world. It is only happy when I am happy. If I even look tired, it is silent and walks on tiptoe."

Unsung Martyrs.

In one of Lafcadio's letters to a Japanese husband concerning his wife, we get glimpses of the peculiar sorrows that hem in those whose life Fate has cast into a transition period. When Japan a generation ago resolved to adopt European civilisation, she started to highly educate a large number of girls as well as young men. The future of these pioneer women students was clearly often one fraught with difficulties. In this case the Japanese husband is thinking of divorcing his educated wife because she is not humble enough to himself, and does not satisfy his old-world parents. Lafcadio's reply vibrates with tender sympathy for the lonely young woman surrounded by these people who obviously do not understand or appreciate her. He speaks with considerable frankness—says he has heard that his correspondent allowed his wife to be made to work in the garden under a hot sun thirty days after childbirth; and the loss of her baby—he openly calls this "a terrible thing." He then places before the complaining husband ideas that had likely enough never entered that gentleman's head. He asserts that, far from serving him and his parents, his wife should be provided with a servant to wait on her—that cultured ladies should not be treated as peasant women or household drudges; that "Girls who have passed through the new schools are no longer hardy and strong, like the Samurai women of old days," though they have a charm all their own. Then, in the sweetest phrases, he offers a new ideal:—"Let the wife have her own gentle way—do not ask her to help you or your parents, but only to bear your children and to love you and to make home happy." One would like to know if this particular husband followed this wise and tender counsel, and it is sad to reflect how often these girls, "changed in mind and body" by their long years of study, must have suffered in doing their share towards bringing Western civilisation to Japan. The young men, too, paid toll. A large number died or went mad before the end of their University course, chiefly, Lafcadio thinks, because they tried to achieve on a scanty diet of rice mental exertions that a European student supports on bread, beefsteaks, and beer.

White Sales.

Are we getting bold and brazen in the present generation? Certainly the frankness with which ladies' under-garments have been displayed in the shop-windows during the recent "white sales" would have caused our early Victorian ancestresses to swoon away. A great deal of this lingerie seems far too pretty and delicate to be worn; behind the glass of show-cases appears the only right and proper place for such fairy-like elegance. Without being Socialists, many a person must feel instinctively the contrast between this "regardless-of-price" luxury of real lace, elaborate embroidery and nainsook fragile as a spider's web, that even the most respectable drapers have been showing, and the squalor and lack of decent rags of those who dwell in many a hole in the East End. Much of this fine embroidery is done in the French prisons—the shops say "convents" for fear of prejudice, but it is really the handiwork of long-sentence criminals.

Our Young Princesses.

A good real of regret is being expressed amid the *débutantes* for the coming season, at the decision of the Princess Royal's shy and timid eldest daughter, Princess Alexandra, to delay her entrance into the Royal circle until next year, when her more self-possessed and confident younger sister will also be old enough to make her formal appearance at His Majesty's Courts. Of course, Royal girls are not presented—that would be too absurd—but they take their stand in the Royal circle that surrounds the Queen on these occasions, and this is the equivalent to the "coming-out" of maidens of more modest birth. But the girls of high station who are regretting this decision of the youthful Princess's, were probably quite mistaken if they expected her entrance into society to be of the same bright and arousing nature as was that of the present Queen of Spain. Princess Henry of Battenburg has the social instinct remarkably well developed, while Princess Ena did not know the meaning of the word "bashfulness," and positively revelled in balls, receptions and gaiety of all kinds.

Little Princess Mary of Wales is growing up with remarkable and alarming rapidity, and though her tastes may change with the advent of long dresses, she is at present very much of a tomboy. Perhaps this is natural when one girl grows up surrounded only by brothers. The hearty, healthy, rough and tumble side of her nature then receives ample development, and she is apt to be scornful of those occupations still all too often deemed "the right thing"—which means nice and quiet—for little damsels. One cannot help wondering if even Tennyson did not make a tiny blunder when he caused that most sentimental of maidens, "Fair Elaine," to assert that her brothers had been "all her company." One girl amid a lot of boys does not generally grow up the sort of person to fade away and die from disappointed love. At all events, Princess Mary of Wales so far shows no great delight in social functions, but revels in running, climbing, riding, and sports of all kinds. She was the first girl of the Royal Family to be taught to ride astride, and she is also the first who opened an account in the Post Office Savings Bank. It was quite her own idea, and she commenced with ten pounds.

Lingerie Dresses.

This is the rather absurd name given to those robes of white lawn that were so popular last season for home use, river wear and country garden parties, and which promise to hold their own again this year. They are made either of lawn or the finest muslin, lavishly trimmed with embroidery, lace and insertion—all snowy white. Their prices range from twenty or twenty-five shillings up to twenty guineas, or even more, but even the cheapest of these robes are really expensive wear. To start with, their perfect transparency requires that they shall be made up over silk—absolutely no substitute is allowable. Then they are devoid of all charm if they are not as fresh and clean-looking as a newly-opened daisy, and a couple of wearings does away with this pristine freshness. Fortunately, a thoroughly good laundress makes them as good as new; none the less, they are a snare and a delusion for girls with limited dress allowances. The newest models are all being made high-waisted, the belt being of two or mote bands of insertion, joining skirt and bodice together. The bodice is generally laid in downways tucks, the front being ornate with embroidery or daintily arranged insertion. Round the edge of the skirt are frills or flounces—partly to give it weight and substance. All the sleeves are being made tight-fitting and reaching well over the hands.

Novelties in Footwear.

Snakeskin is the latest craze for wealthy women—in fact, all sorts of curious skins are in high favour. Even the scaly crocodile who can turn aside a bullet contributes a soft and flexible covering for my lady's little feet. Gold and silver slippers are much worn in evenings, no matter what the colour of the dress; stripes are being much bought, under the impression that they make the foot look slender.

ALEXINE.

MANY PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO EAT TOO MUCH in order to eat enough.

What you eat—how much you eat—or even how much you digest—is not the whole question.

By stimulating your appetite and aiding your digestion you may be only overloading your system with waste products.

ALEXINE will enable you to "get all the good out of your food." It is neither a food nor a medicine, but an aid to Nature.

The active principle of ALEXINE is free phosphoric acid, which acts upon the otherwise insoluble phosphates in your food and in your system, and enables your brain, your nerves and your muscle to take them up and make use of them.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL BUSINESS.

HOW CEASELESS WORKERS TOIL TO MAKE OUR HOMES MORE BEAUTIFUL AND OUR LIVES MORE CONTENT.

Whilst there is no question that Dickens was the great apostle of home life, whilst his colossal genius was concentrated on the wondrous endeavour of bringing back to a scattering people the knowledge of the eternal, incalculable values of home, it is to be regretted in all his writings he has not left us a description of those industries which help to make for us the comfortable surroundings that constitute home.

If the pen of the immortal novelist was active to-day we can imagine how he would have delighted, not merely in portraying home life, but in leading the workers towards greater good in this direction. It is unfortunate that the greatest of all London industries—the furniture and furnishing industry—had not reached its full stage of development in his time. His panegyric on its value is unwritten, and it has remained for modern writers to attempt to explain why the rise of the gigantic furnishing business is of importance to the public.

It is an extraordinary thing that London has very few industries that are peculiarly her own, and of those few the furnishing industry is the most important. In this great metropolis are congregated those experts whose sole duty it is to consider how homes may be brighter and rendered more useful.

It may well be supposed that with such expert advice concentrated in one particular area there has been a move forward. Certainly there has been a forward movement, and it will be readily admitted that at the head of the movement are the directors of that well-known furnishing house, Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander.

Not only in the supplying of modern wares has improvement been made, but actually—as regards the firm mentioned—there have been new business systems introduced, so that all classes of people, even those who do not lay out heavy sums of money, may obtain all that is best and brightest for the home without any inconvenience.

If for no other reason, the chiefs of the forward movement—Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander—are to be congratulated in that they have killed, or rather exposed, the old harsh systems of arranging continuous payments, and by careful forethought arranged a system that, whilst affording assistance in the particular direction indicated, is at once dignified and equitable.

The writer recently took an opportunity of paying a visit to Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander's palatial premises, firstly with the object of inspecting a stock that has frequently been described as brilliant, and, secondly, to discuss methods of business.

This establishment is situated at 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, London, W., and is quite easily get-at-able even from suburban areas. Any tube or underground system conveys you directly to the spot, and a number of bus routes pass immediately adjacent.

A glance at tastefully decorated windows conveys at once the idea that there are things of beauty to be seen within—furniture that is consummate evidence of the expert skill and decorations that would well adorn the most sumptuous of homes.

Arriving, one asks to be shown round, and immediately an expert attendant commences a tour of inspection.

It would perhaps weary the reader to explain in detail all the various forms of furniture to be seen in the huge building.

Suffice it to say that whether you desire to refurnish a country mansion, whether you desire to establish a London home on a moderate scale, or whether you desire a daintily and effectively furnished flat in town, your wants may be fully supplied from Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander's stock.

Furniture of all periods is stocked—Chippendale, Sheraton, Old Oak, Mahogany and Walnut suites, dainty French suites in brilliant brocade and gold—every kind and condition of goods, from the humblest kitchen utensil to the grand piano for a society drawing-room, may be seen.

Of course it will be readily understood that Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander are just as pleased to supply to customers one small occasional chair as to supply a whole mansion full of furniture, and this irrespective of the matter of cash payment.

It is quite impossible to describe in such a short space the beauty of the goods offered at 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, but certainly no better advice can be given than this: Either visit the stores yourself, or write to the firm for the splendid treatise on furnishing they have recently prepared. This book, it may be said, is of the greatest value, for not only does it explain the particular merits of the firm's wares, but what is also of importance, elaborates dainty furnishing schemes and gives suggestions for re-arrangements and re-decorations.

For the benefit of those who are considering the question of re-furnishing an interview was sought with the directors of the firm and the important question of terms was discussed.

"Yes," was the answer to our inquiry, "we are just as pleased to supply our goods on the special deferred payment system we have inaugurated, as to supply for cash.

"The system is quite unique and is bound to appeal as just and reasonable to all. Suppose you desire £20 worth of furniture; well, if you draw your cheque monthly or quarterly and would prefer to defer payment, we simply surcharge you 5 per cent. on the whole amount. That is to say, your £20 worth of goods will but cost you £21.

"If you choose £100, the total cost would be but £105, and so on. The method is simplicity itself, and although there is nothing further to explain, we are always pleased to communicate with those who desire personal and private information in the matter.

"We have recently arranged a new system whereby every person so desiring may have a personal visit from an expert representative, who will, if desired, arrange business on the spot. This applies to town or country.

"We always ask," say the directors of Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander, "that the fullest use may be made of our services, and are glad to reply to any queries that may arise in the minds of intending patrons.

"Our success is entirely due to the fact that in no direction have we stinted our efforts. Firstly, we have obtained the best goods; secondly, we have retailed the same at the lowest possible prices; and, thirdly, we have placed our services unreservedly in the hands of those who will find them of value.

"To-day we are just as anxious to help and advise, and, as has been stated, shall be pleased to send a copy of our furnishing book to any address on receipt of application for same.

"We may state that our telephone numbers are 1850 Gerrard and 14299 Central, and that our telegraphic address is 'Wolfhol, London.' If there is cause for hurry, a ring on telephone or a wire will secure immediate attention."

There should be no need to emphasise the great value of a well-furnished home. Socially, it is a necessity if you wish to be considered a man or woman of good taste, or wish to gather round you talent and beauty.

Professionally, home is invaluable, and to doctors, lawyers, journalists, authors, and such like, a well-furnished home is a necessity.

The matter may safely be left in the hands of the wise, it being merely sufficient to add the advice, write at once for the furnishing book or call at Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander's establishment, 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Correspondents, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

In our issue of January 30th we published a statement from "Constant Reader," who complained that he had been tricked by the Adder Cash Register Syndicate, Ltd. Taking it from him that the facts were as he stated, we advised him to insist upon the return of the money he had paid. We have now received from this person a letter in which he says, referring to his communication to us, that he "unreservedly withdraws any imputations" against the Company, "as there seems to have been a misunderstanding." He adds that he has, called upon the said firm (*i.e.*, The Adder Cash Register Syndicate, Ltd.) and has received every satisfaction." We hope the next time our correspondent complains of being ill-treated, and communicates with us, he will take the trouble to verify his facts before writing.

M. A. (Lytham), "Regular Reader" (Poplar) and H. L. M. (Deal).—We understand that, owing to the failure of the Insurance Society with which it was connected, the publication of the paper has been suspended. We are afraid we cannot hold out to you much hope of obtaining the amounts due to you.

T. M. L. (Clapham) says that typewriting speed-records are apt to mislead the public, as it is not the number of words only that create a record, the word a being easier to type than the word immediately.

Someone has sent us a sheet from a tear-off calendar with the following for January 22:—

> 22. Accession of King Edward VII., 1901.
> Half a loaf is better than no bread.

Perhaps it is an allusion to the free trade policy which characterises the reign.

"Unbiassed" and M. T. (Blackpool) remonstrate with us about some comments of ours upon the roughness of their town during the "wakes" and assure us that the local manners are all right at other times of the year. The local manners, however, are not revealed in a favourable light by the *Blackpool Gazette*, which imagines it has crushed us with an accusation of mendacity.

"Fair Play" (Aberdeen) says that German torpedo boats put in there "for fresh supplies—yes! of information." He says it is not precisely true that Jews cannot live in Scotland. He says "a Jew can't live in Aberdeen, but there are numerous Jews in several towns in Scotland, and making a good living too. For thrift, *i.e.*, greed, Aberdonians take the cake. Greedy brutes! Their staple diet is soup and porridge—anything for cheapness. A good old rump steak and a pint of bitter would kill the average Aberdonian. I'm sorry I've come to stay in this God-forsaken hole amongst the Scottish sheenies. What a place this is at Christmas time—everyone you meet out of doors seems bored to death. The Aberdonian puts on his Sunday best on Christmas Day and goes amongst his relations taking nippies till he can't see straight. Dismal hole!" Come away, lad.

"Pipelighter" (Grimethorpe) writes us a long letter in Phonography, in which—after saying that "it is now a generally accepted axiom that, for a person to be abroad in or near Barnsley after Saturdays midnight, is a sure sign that that person is in such a state of inebriety as to render his incarceration absolutely necessary and highly profitable to the Police Court exchequer"—he gives us some harrowing cases of ill-treatment of pit ponies. Grimethorpe appears to be appropriately named from more than one point of view. "Pi clighter's" Phonography shows great neatness, and though he could not yet pass the I.P.S. exam. for its teachers' diploma, he should in time make a good writer. By the way we get many letters now in Shorthand and find that even the badly written ones are easier to read than some of those we receive in longhand.

"Biscuit" (Reading) wants to know why some palmists are imprisoned, and why other fortune-tellers are allowed to advertise in the papers. Echo answers "Why?"

"Veritas" (Manchester) and a few other readers scold us for the shock we gave them by our recent cartoon representing the Unemployed as skeletons. We hope, however, we have succeeded in impressing the urgency of the problem upon their minds.

W. J. S. (St. John Street), P. N. L. (Hampstead), Miss J. S. S. (West Norwood), W. F. (Balham), and many others want a biscuit for a recipe of "poached eggs on toast," composed of apricots and sponge cake. This imitation is, however, by no means a novelty.

Mrs. R. J. R. (Burton-on-Trent) sent a postal order for 2s. to Layton and Co., (Neal Street, Bradford) in response to an advertisement of "fifty articles for 2s. 6d.," including a rug and various valuable household goods. The rug would have been dear at 6d, thirty-six of the "fifty useful and serviceable articles" were boot buttons, trouser buttons and safety pins. There were also three dusters, three small mats, a paper flower-pot cover, a button-hook, and a small broken frame. Why are people taken in by these fair-catchers?

R. C. S. (Nottingham).—"Mr. W. H. Taft, Esq." is perfectly good American. What is the matter with the other paragraph? It contained two questions and two answers.

The Lather That Lasts.

"Erasmic" SHAVING STICK

Does not Dry on the Face.

WHY BUY FOREIGN MANUFACTURED SHAVING SOAPS WHEN "ERASMIC" IS

BRITISH AND BEST.

NOW SUPPLIED IN ELEGANT NICKEL-PLATED CASE AT 10d. PER STICK.

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers. If unobtainable it will be sent post free by the manufacturers on receipt of 10d stamps.

A SAMPLE

Bijou Shaving Stick also Bijou Tablet of Erasmic Soap can be obtained by forwarding 3d. stamps to The Erasmic Co., Ltd. (Dept. K.), Warrington.

"PADDY'S" GRAPNEL MIXTURE

A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS.

Price 6d. per 1 oz. packet.
1/- per 2 oz. tin. 2/- per 4 oz. tin.

The best and most economical INK for office and general use is AZURYTE.

All Stationers sell it. In bottles 1d. to 3/- each.

F. MORDAN and CO., 23, City Road, London.

Comfortable Chins.

After shaving, nothing will give such a cool, comfortable, velvety feeling to the chin as ICILMA FLUOR CREAM. Used overnight, it softens the skin, makes shaving easy, and prevents roughness, redness and soreness.

Of all Chemists, 1s. Send 2d. for sample to
ICILMA CO., LTD. (Dept. S), 14a Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

Icilma Fluor Cream

H. W. (Leamington) sends us the following advertisement:
ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BATH STREET, LEAMINGTON.
Sunday Evening, at 6.30,
MR. A. M. GREEN, of Birmingham, will Lecture on "Immorality the Gift of God." Not a present possession, and only to be obtained upon certain conditions. Seats Free. No Collection.
and suggests that Pigott should preach on the same subject.

"SCOTTIE" (Glasgow) and others.—Yes, our printer is a cuddy.

"GEORGE LAYFETTE" (Belvedere).—Keep on hoping.

D. S. T. (Richmond).—What is your objection to "lost by a majority of two"? Would you prefer "defeated"? However, we are always glad to welcome purists.

A. H. J. C. (Lewisham) says there is an alley between Lee and Blackheath, called Love Lane, about 4ft. wide, and at the Blackheath end there are a couple of posts to discourage perambulators. So the S. E. R. have erected a board to announce that "this bridge is insufficient to carry heavy motors weighing six tons or, with a trailer behind, twelve tons." Hurrah!

W. G. P. (Nottingham) sends us a cutting from the *Daily Telegraph* about "cars from 12 h.p. to 24 h.p. with a base of 90 kilometres." He says: "What ho! the sheds they were made in if Jim Crow cleaned the windows." But Jim never cleaned anything.

W. J. H. (Leeds).—Yes, we must make a start with the JOHN BULL League before the general election.

H. B. W. (Birmingham).—Guess again. Jim did not see the statue, which is so bad that it has to be hidden under the library stairs in a wooden case. Will it do for the Strand?

J. B. (Bradford) says the *Cleckheaton Guardian* is known in the Spen Valley as the *Tea-party Gazette*, the *Great Egg* and the *Large Potato*, owing to the nature of its contents. He sends us a cutting accusing us of being Scotch for not appreciating its heavy humour. But we have no time to sit on the *Great Egg* any more.

"KILDO," W. D., R. A., G. W., "ST. MUNGO," A. B., J. H., "GLASGOW NEWSAGENT" and others write pointing out that the biscuit in our last issue should have been awarded to the EDINBURGH *Evening Dispatch*, there being no such paper in Glasgow. Some of the letters show a pretty wit.

"EGATIMRA" (Huddersfield).—Although we applaud *Truth's Cautionary List* we do not necessarily adopt every word in it.

"LANDOUR" coughs out a statement that the word coffin is not used in Canada.

W. T. T. (Lewisham).—Hard lines, but we can't vary our number scheme just yet. A miss is as good as a smile.

C. A. (Aintree) sends us a cutting about Stevenson making a break of 798, and then deciding "to leave for London for a rest." C. A. thinks the rest should have been kept in the billiard-room. We invite C. A. to go and be jiggered.

"ANXIOUS."—We should not think the Omnibus Company would sue you for accidental breakage of a window, unless you are a friend of Dame Nation.

C. A. T. (Port Said) has a poor opinion of Australians as sportsmen, and says they booed the victor in the great fight. He was in an Australian street to see the New Year in. Some bluejackets started the National Anthem and called out "Three cheers for the King," but were answered with groans and hisses. So much for our children overseas, or half-seas over.

B. S., JUN. (Forest Gate), sends us a review of Ireland for 1906. A bit late, but we have read it with compound interest.

A. E. B. (Kennington Park Road) sends us the following cutting: "Mr. Curtis Bennett: It was a picture of a mad hatter smoking a cigarette and a rabbit?" and says: "Smoking a cigarette *and* a rabbit would surely make anybody Carrie on." We're a bit sick.

"BISHOP OF LITTLE ILFORD" protests against the way in which we sneer at Christianity. When did we do so? Sneering at certain alleged Christians is another matter.

M. G. (Redcliffe Square), on the other hand, writes: "For every blow you strike against evil, I thank you in the name of Christ." She wants us to see that people behave nicely in country houses. For some time past she had been disturbed by rumours, but "now," she says, "I am in possession of a fact. A young fellow of good family in town recently boasted that he accepted his country-house party invitation *solely* for the purpose of gratifying his immoral passion." Oh, dear!

J. W. W. (Strand) says that the Bounvialle system secures speed and perfect safety for trains during fogs.

H. A. (Merton) sends us a letter from Northern Nigeria saying it is no uncommon thing out there for poles to develop into trees. A paling of plain sticks, set out in the spring of 1907, has now become an avenue of trees. There's afforestation for you.

"A STARVING SPECIALIST" complains of the prices paid for book-reviewing. He must write the books, and leave us to review them.

E. G. (Hampstead) wants a biscuit for the *Evening Standard* for stating that the Earl of Lathom will be joined in town by Lady Helen Bootle-Wilbraham, and that the Countess of Lathom will not arrive in town until after Easter. E. G. evidently thinks he has detected a frightful scandal in high life. But Lady Helen happens to be Lord Lathom's nine-year-old daughter. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

J. W. B. (Upper Edmonton) says he has frequented pubs. for the past 40 years at home and abroad, but will back his surroundings against those of R. S. (Palmerston House), who denounced whisky in our issue of February 6th. What are the odds?

R. J. P. (Leicester).—The advertisement was certainly misleading, but the seedsman admits his shortcomings, and has done his best to put the matter right. Don't be too hard on him.

P. J. McK. (Lansdowne Gardens), W. B. (Sligo), and G. P. M. (Shrivenham).—Our printer is now eating black bread in the coal-hole.

DON'T MISS THIS—IT WILL PAY YOU.

If you want to buy Watches, Clocks or Jewellery at a great reduction, visit SAQUI and LAWRENCE at once, before sale ends; genuine discount of 4s. in the £ off marked prices.—28 to 31, Liverpool Street; 54, Strand; 97, Fleet Street; 276-277, Pentonville Road, and Piccadilly Circus (opposite "The Criterion"), London.

A Doctor at the Penitent Form.

BY THE TURKISH BATH MAN.

When I first began to sell Turkish Bath Cabinets, the value of this simple, home treatment was practically unknown, except to a few advanced hygienists. Certainly, public Turkish baths were to be found in every large town, but the average man could ill afford the time and money to frequent these places sufficiently to obtain cure of chronic diseases. Very few people were aware even that Turkish Bathing had any curative value at all. In the mind of the man in the street there was a hazy idea connecting Turkish Baths with abominable filth from the body, weakening of the body, failure of the heart, and troubles arising from chills that would be as severe as they were certain.

The ignorance prevailing was as enormous as it was disheartening. It took years of persistent advertising and the distribution of thousands of pounds of literature on the subject to inspire a moderate number of my fellow-men with the belief that in this simple home treatment there was practically a cure-all, or a prevent-all of disease. The tiny circle of influence, however, is ever-widening, like a ripple on the surface of a lake. My hope is that, instead of weakening as it widens, it will acquire a force that will eventually convert all my fellow-men to my way of thinking, and induce everyone in the land to regularly use some one form or another of Turkish Bathing. At present there must be nearly 40,000 people in these islands using the 30s. Gem Bath Cabinet. But there are millions of people in the British Isles. I am not disheartened, but I am not satisfied.

Even medical men, who from their scientific training should easily have seen in this home treatment a powerful weapon in the treatment and prevention of disease, its physiological action being readily seen and understood, simply ignored it, or worse, in many cases absolutely advised their patients against the method in diseases which have been known to be curable by hot air. I have, however, been so insistent as to the almost miraculous properties of Home Turkish Bathing that ever-increasing numbers of enlightened physicians use the Gem Cabinet. Some have become so enthusiastic as to continually recommend it as a preventive of disease, but more particularly as a pleasant remedy for rheumatism, skin disease, liver and kidney complaints.

Let me illustrate the attitude which some physicians have presented against this simple, scientific hygienic method of curing disease, and show how they are being convinced by practical results. In my last talk I spoke of Ensign McCallum, the well-known hydropathist to the Salvation Army, who has a profound experience of Turkish Bathing in the treatment of disease. He has treated some of the most obstinate cases of skin diseases, liver complaint, rheumatism, tumours, blood-poisoning, &c., &c., with unvaried success by simple hydropathic means. A medical man of his acquaintance had wilfully closed his eyes to the ascertained remedial effects of hot-air Bathing. He had scoffed at the treatment; though he had seen sick people made well, he would not believe, nor would he give credit where credit was due. "You are killing your patients by inches; I haven't the slightest faith in the bathing," he said, with more courage than wisdom, as it was so easy to verify any reported cures. His attitude was simply that of uncompromising disbelief, even in the face of facts.

This medical man, a master of modern orthodox methods of healing, with a profound knowledge of the action of drugs, became a martyr to Lumbago. I can easily imagine how he put all knowledge of drugs to the rest, only to find he still had the lumbago. One day, when suffering acutely, he was induced to try a Turkish Bath by a friend, who had more practical experience of hygiene than of orthodox treatment. It could do no harm if it did not do good. The pain was immensely relieved by the one bath, to the gratified astonishment of the medical man. The treatment was worth an extended trial. He bought a Gem Cabinet and used it several times, and in a transport of joy at his deliverance from the excruciating pain he recently visited McCallum, and said: "In the language of the Army, I have come to the penitent form. I was an unbeliever; now I believe. I have used the Gem Cabinet; I have now no pain at all. I am cured of lumbago."

When telling the incident, my friend added, with a twinkle in his eye, "The Doctor is a real convert, and he will convert a good many more. I expect you will get a number of orders shortly, for he is recommending your Cabinets to everyone suffering as he has done."

In conclusion, let me give you a message from the Old Year. E. K. Williams, of Cork, writes on the 31st Dec.:—

"I have used the Cabinet for two months, and am most pleased with it. I have been using it for Rheumatism, and have taken a Vapour Bath every second day since I got it, with the result that I am now practically well—after two years' intense suffering. I shall be most happy to recommend it.

"When I consulted the Doctor who failed with my Rheumatism he only scoffed at the bath and all pertaining to it."

This gentleman is so grateful for the wonderful cure he has made that he has again written me as follows:—

"I shall always praise and recommend the Gem Cabinet. It has done me such a wonderful amount of good in such a short time—in fact, changed my life from one of real misery to comfort and ease. I am quite enthusiastic about it. Another thing which pleases me is the quality and finish of the article, which makes it of intrinsic value for the money—the first article I ever bought from an advertisement in which I considered I had got actual value for the price. Will you please send your catalogue, &c., &c., to Mr. * * * *, who will, I am sure, send you an order."

It is just such testimony as this that I am constantly receiving, and it is just such grateful words which keep me persistently bringing to the notice of sufferers this wonderful, simple, and pleasurable means of combating disease.

Do you suffer the excruciating pain of rheumatism? Is your life miserable, the outlook dark, because the drugs you take are poisoning your stomach and lessening your vitality? If so, send at once for a 30s. Gem Cabinet, the kind used by Mr. Williams, and the style I myself use—you'll never regret it. At least let me send you my book containing a mass of valuable information on thermal bathing. It will pay you to read it, and it is sent post free on applying to my Company, the Gem N. Supplies Co., Ltd., 22, Pear-tree Street, Goswell Road (near Gas Co.'s office), London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

"Lester."—Have nothing to do with the Magnetic Elastic Truss Company (11, 12, Finsbury Square, E.C.), which impertinently addresses you as "ruptured reader."

J. M. (Penge).—The title of Prince of Wales has to be conferred on his son by a new King.

Somebody has sent us an extract from an insurance policy with the words: "Any part of the civilised world, that is to say, Europe, the British Dominions beyond the seas, or any district of a British Consulate." Of course, all Europe is by no means civilised. Look at modern Servia.

W. and G. F. (Charing Cross Road), W. and Co. (Paternoster Square), J. B. W. (Grey Eagle Street), and J. G. R. (Long Eaton) answer E. W. (Jersey) about books on flying. They recommend Sir H. Maxim's "Artificial and Natural Flight" (5s.), "A Pocket-Book of Aeronautics" (10s. 6d.), Hearne's "Aerial Warfare" (7s. 6d.), "The Problem of Flight" (10s. 6d.), "Aerodynamics" (21s.), etc.

T. B. (Moscley).—We believe in flogging bad boys, but not to that extent.

H. K. S. (Chatham).—Balfour went out by the back-door.

W. J. (Ludlow).—The defence has had several looks-in already. Thanks.

N. P. (Erdington) enquires about Herbert Clifton (163, Strand), who professes to cure deafness. We believe he used to live in the Waterloo Road and that his ear-drums are utterly worthless.

W. H. B (Exeter) wants us to offer a handsome prize for the best method of preventing strikes. Surely a little common sense is all that is required.

"A Regular Reader" (Deptford) trod on a piece of orange-peel in the Broadway, spoiling his Sunday clothes, and presently saw an old woman come to grief in a similar way. It is certainly regrettable that the streets in the less prosperous neighbourhoods are kept less clean than the City and the West End. The rates are pretty heavy in Deptford, aren't they?

H. J. V. (Bath) sells watches on the instalment system and wanted to advertise them in one of the daily papers. They insisted on seeing a sample, which he has not been able to get back from them. It has doubtless been mislaid—newspaper offices are not very businesslike as a rule.

"Stave" (Liverpool).—We certainly have our doubts about the offer to teach you to play the piano without "drudgery or tedious practice" in twelve lessons for 2s. 1d. Besides, why want to play the piano?

E. I. (Warlingham) wants to know what is our circulation. Very healthy, thanks.

P. C. (Clapham Junction).—Perhaps the tabby tom cat was married.

M. T. T. (Worthing).—We have no doubt that there is often cause for complaint against police-court magistrates, but unless we are present in Court it is difficult to criticise. We will see if we can send an emissary on a mission of observation.

F. J. M. (Belvedere) wants us to tell him how to convince his wife that palmistry is a myth. We suggest that he should get some friend to tell her hand in the most disagreeable manner possible.

A. J. P. (Southampton).—Legal phraseology is not always good literature.

A. J. S. (Dundee).—Very glad to hear we are so popular at Shanghai. It is quite pleasant to be shanghaied, is it not?

Rev. T. R. B. (Leigh Road).—We are sending our printer to your Bible class.

H. G. (London, S.E.).—We have added a dish of humble pie to our menu.

J. F. (Rayleigh).—Do the best men ever get the best jobs?

G. B. (Manchester) is "awfully troubled about the political pen lulum." We hope he may never have anything worse to worry about.

J. H. (Chelsea) need not be in a hurry to send 2s. 6d. to a circularising tipster.

A. E. N. (Ramsgate) sends us a story about someone named Bull calling on someone named Cow. Quite a cock and bull story.

E. D. (London).—2s. 6d. appears to be a somewhat excessive charge for the expenses of sending for overdue instalment, but the only way to avoid it is by keeping up the payments, as, strictly speaking, the Company is not bound to send a collector.

A. J. (Argyllshire) wishes to know whether a half-farthing coin, dated 1844, is of any value. Personally, we should not give much for it, but we are not numismatists.

R. S. S. (Northampton) asks under what circumstances Mr. T. R. Allinson, "ex-L.R.C.P. (Edin.), etc.," left the medical profession. We suggest that our correspondent should apply to the Secretary of the British Medical Association. We really don't know everything.

P. W. (Leyionstone) calls our attention to a "Preface pamphlet to a book entitled 'The Evangel of Peace'" by our old friend Hunnable, and asks whether we think he should be at large. Our own opinion is that he is quite harmless.

A. B. H. (Hastings).—We must not encourage you to fan the flames of sectarian animosity.

A. T. (Hastings) wants to know whether Great Britain is so-called to distinguish it from a tiny district in the City called Little Britain. Of course.

"Rhodesia" (West End Lane).—Thanks for cutting, but the matter had already been extensively dealt with elsewhere. After all, the white man pleaded guilty to a very serious assault.

W. T. (Mitcham) wants to know where he can "purchase some shoulder straps at a nominal price." He does not say whether they are for medical or punitory purposes.

F. C. H. (Gillingham).—Surely it is possible to listen during sleep. Otherwise alarm clocks would be useless.

"Fin Mot" (Gateshead).—Are those the best texts you can find to prove the immortality of the soul? Are they your final word?

C. W. M. (Putney) wants Dr. Oldfield, the vegetarian, to explain why the Lord accepted the meat offering of Abel and rejected the oblation of Cain.

"True Reader" (London).—You do not give your name and in any case the writer of the serial seems to us rather small fry for us to take the trouble to verify your charge of plagiary.

H. D. P. (Rotherham).—Some of the firms which issue "trading stamps" may be genuine, but most of them are not.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

FOR
HEALTH, VIGOUR & COMFORT

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared in TABLET FORM, and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. Price 2s. 9d One size only.

Health is the truest wealth. Without it all other is of little value for nothing can make up for its absence. Now to be healthy you must have a healthy stomach, for digestion is the very mainspring of life. And so you will be wise to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. This great medicine, purely vegetable in composition, has gone on curing indigestion and kindred ills for nearly forty years now, and is known and valued all over the world. It restores the stomach and liver to natural activity and thus makes indigestion impossible. Mrs. Cornwall, 26, Hanover Buildings, Tooley Street, London, S.E., writing on January 13 last, says:—"I had a pain at the pit of my stomach after eating, lost appetite, was troubled with frequent headache, and altogether out of health. I tried many things, but only Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me."

take MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

A VELVETY, LASTING LATHER

that ensures an easy shave, and a soothed skin after shaving—that is what you get by using "SHAVALLO" whether you use hot or cold water you get the same free, thick lather—a lather which does not irritate or dry upon the skin.

Shavallo, The Ideal Shaving Soap

Supplied in Ivorine Sticks and Cakes.

Sole Makers:—
JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd.,
Soapmakers to H.M. THE KING,
LONDON.

Avoid American and other Foreign Soaps.
SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES
SEND 1d. STAMP FOR SAMPLE to Dept. J.B.

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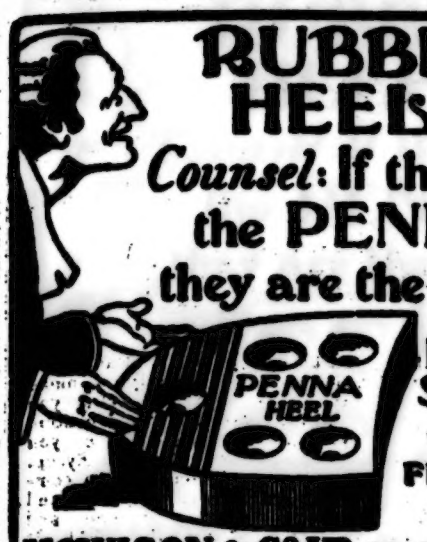

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

For Exportation.

The back-end is the time to buy racehorses, not only cheaply, but literally "given away." Several of the sound and sharp "wiry" sort were bought some time ago for South Africa, and I do not think I have ever made a better choice—knowing what I do about the horse, his soundness and prospects, apart from public form—than in obtaining Pourboire—second favourite for a Lingfield Nursery—at sixty-six guineas. The little chestnut never had a chance in his race, having got very badly away and being shut out in the huge field. On the Alexandra Park form, when third, he is nearly the equal of Eerie, who has won since, and made 400 guineas, while Rambir was then behind him receiving normal weight, and in turn has run away with a Lingfield nursery. Buying these horses for unknown correspondents in different parts of the colony is a terrible trouble and anxiety, and the medium of much detail work, for one must do the thing personally if at all interested and desirous of doing it well. It is always gratifying, however, to hear of their subsequent successes abroad, and it only seems necessary to buy anything at about a hundred here to pick up £500 handicaps galore six months later in South Africa. I am never averse to giving my opinion or the benefit of my experience to the right people who desire it, everything on their side being "straight," and have just similarly sent out Easter Night and Zoola (who unfortunately died on the voyage), Niphe and Pink Domino.

Prophetic.

Sandown is a good and quite a gambling card, concurrent with which The Drudge will assuredly, if he runs, win one of the hurdle handicaps at Doncaster. Hunt.

At Esher, Lucky Jap has a real chance at last of losing his maiden allowance, as should Zancig in Saturday's Selling Plate. Thursday's "plums" are almost too obviously

Norman The Fiddler

in the Corinthian Cup and

Mount Prospect's Fortune

for the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase. Friday's Gold Cup ought to go to the long and expressly kept Sprinkle Me, with Mr. Banbury up. Lucky Jap or Relish appear in the Sandown Maiden Plate, which one of them, if unpenalised, should win. Warner should recall his last year's success in the Grand Military Handicap, for he is treated very nicely, carries this weight, and can just stay this course. The big Hurdle Handicap I think "good" for Mr. Stedall's, both of whom may run, and my prediction is distinctly for the younger horse,

W. M.,

who has been long saved for this.

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From *Sportsman*, Feb. 5, 1909.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of November 28th, January 9th, 16th, and 23rd.

HENRY HERBERT, 1, Lowcay Road, Southsea. (No. 100010—November 28th, 1908.)

C. L. L. REA, c.o. Mrs. Clark, 4, South George Street, Dundee. (No. 63462—January 9th.)

H. J. RUSSELL, 39, Kempsford Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W. (No. 181601—January 16th.)

L. EDWARDS, Top Road, Summer Hill, Wrexham, North Wales. (No. 207643—January 16th.)

W. B. DURKER, 60, Hopwood Street, Hull. (No 261004—January 16th.)

S. JENKINS, 123, Hanley Road, Stroud Green Road, N. (No. 94177—January 16th.)

L. MEARS, 24, Leatherdale Street, Globe Road, Mile End, E. (No. 29487—January 23rd.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 30:—

43; 819; 15638; 16245; 19190; 21111; 23482; 40019; 42425; 43106; 50178; 57366; 62374; 65378; 77703; 81151; 97685; 97691; 98040; 100178; 104467; 114378; 117243; 125473; 131140; 139786; 145997; 150001; 161833; 167151; 167399; 170489; 193205; 193500; 200101; 211664; 214367; 222693; 225467; 234104; 239077; 251413; 257994; 259833; 266160; 269467; 276942; 278661; 281110; 289111.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 10TH (PUBLISHED APRIL 9TH).

Special Notice.

We find that the arrangements in connection with our New Ballot Scheme will take somewhat longer to complete than we anticipated, and, therefore, until further notice, the scheme will continue on the old lines, as explained above.

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For meaning of this number